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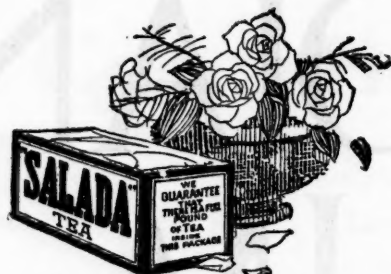
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# THE CANADIAN FORUM



Vol. III

TORONTO, MAY, 1923

No. 32

ONTARIO is still the political as well as the geographical pivot of Canada. In elections its opinion is peculiarly significant. Had Ontario Farmers, under the leadership of Mr. Burnaby and Mr. Morrison, done better than pull their weight in the boat in the last Federal Election, the Progressives at Ottawa would not now be helpless. But Ontario failed to do its part, and a solid West was more than offset by a solid Quebec and a solid Nova Scotia. The fact is that until the farmers can convince industrial Canada that they are broad enough and right enough to deserve to control the public policy of this country, they cannot hope to achieve power. To this task of conversion Mr. Drury has for many years applied himself in time snatched from the busy life of a hardworking and successful farmer. Since assuming his present position he has met with much success, alike among former Conservatives and former Liberals. It is unfortunate that the coming provincial elections will give an inadequate indication of what the people really think of his 'broadening-out policy'. With three-cornered contests the rule, and without the transferable vote, the mind of the voter will be distracted by fear of the results of a 'split vote': he will often refrain from supporting the party he likes best in order to avoid electing the party he likes least. In the late House more than half the Liberal and Conservative members were minority candidates. This situation will probably be aggravated in the next House. Mr. Ferguson won a tactical victory when he opposed a wall of words to electoral reform. He has made quite impossible a decisive expression of the will of the people.

THE bridge over the chasm which has separated Mr. Drury and Mr. Morrison is merely a temporary structure. It may endure till the campaign is over, but it cannot endure much longer. The press which supports the old parties has heralded it with undisguised glee as a capitulation on the part of the premier. What has been done, however, is simply to arrive at a *modus operandi*. Elections must be conducted by parties with party organizations. Even Beelzebub when divided against himself could not stand. At the recent conference no principles

were accepted or rejected. 'Broadening out' was not an issue. It was merely agreed that if Mr. Drury should be returned without a clear majority, but with the opportunity of forming a Government, before taking any step he should consult his elected supporters, his rejected supporters, and the Executive of the United Farmers of Ontario. In other words, he agreed to summon a meeting similar to the historic meeting in the King Street offices of the United Farmers of Ontario, which decided to make him premier.

THE Government faces the country as a Farmer-Labour coalition. A peculiar situation is thus created in urban ridings. So weak has the Labour contingent been in the House, and so slight is their appeal outside the House, that in some centres we may expect to find two kinds of Government candidates. Business and professional men are offering themselves as supporters of Mr. Drury. Labour may be unwilling in all cases to withdraw in their favour, and they in their turn will not be disposed to give way to Labour candidates. The fact is, however much we may regret it, that Labour has a poor record in Ontario politics. In 1919 it elected a dozen members. It was thought that Labour was just beginning to show its strength; in the next Parliament its numbers might be doubled. But expectations were not fulfilled. The Labour members shewed little parliamentary capacity. Three of them deserted to the opposition. Whether in support of or in opposition to the government they have achieved singularly little.

MR. DRURY'S character and conduct have made a wide appeal in city and country alike. The simplicity of his manner disarms criticism and inspires confidence. He is an excellent speaker, well informed and widely-read to a degree rare in Canadian public life. And the choice before the electors in this campaign is mainly one of persons. Of the three leaders there can be little question that the Premier is the ablest and most statesmanlike. His cabinet, however, has not been uniformly strong, and he is not a strict disciplinarian. As a result of this weakness the chief claim to distinction on the part of the



government will lie in the courage with which it has checked the serious results of a blind worship of public ownership and the energy with which it has exposed and sought to remedy the evil effects of patronage on the forest wealth of the Province. The administration has been honest and, on the whole, efficient. Ontario would do well to allow Mr. Drury to show what he can do when assured of public confidence.

**A**N episode which disgraced the Ontario Legislative Assembly towards the end of the Session throws into sharp relief the standards which are permitted in contemporary public life. Colonel J. A. Currie (S.E. Toronto) produced and read in the House a letter marked 'Private and Confidential' and addressed to 'J. A. Currie' but intended for Mr. J. W. Curry K.C. (S.W. Toronto). We should like to think that a member capable of doing this is unique in an assembly which is ostensibly governed by the usages current among gentlemen. But there are two considerations which militate against this assumption. In the first place Colonel Currie was not at once and publicly reprobated by his leader for conduct which is foreign to the Conservative Party, calculated to harm it in the eyes of decent men, and reprobated in private by his colleagues. Mr. Ferguson should at once have seized the opportunity of dissociating himself and his followers from the triumphant author of this escapade: and he failed to do so. In the second place, Mr. Andrew Hicks, a member of another party, has since then been guilty of a breach of confidence closely resembling that of Colonel Currie, and is still quite unrepentant. Fortunately for the Province, the public which looks to Parliament for the maintenance of an honourable tradition will within a few weeks have an opportunity of turning men of this kind into pastures new. Queen's Park will be healthier without them.

'THE tumult and the shouting dies,  
The Bevingtons and Shortts depart;  
Still stands that ancient sacrifice,  
The farmer with a bleeding heart—'

Such, we imagine, must be the general verdict of the public on the proceedings of the House of Commons Banking and Commerce Committee. Whether the revision of the Bank Act will—or should—produce any material alteration in the Canadian banking system is as much open to question as ever. But though it has diagnosed without prescribing for the complaint of the farmer, there is no doubt that the Committee has been very much worth while. It has provided the public at large with an invaluable means of understanding our banking system, the banking theories on which it rests, the machinery through which it functions, the needs which it does, and those which it does not fulfil, the proposals for

reform which hold the field, and the practical obstacles in the path of the reformer. The bankers have come well out of it; and so, let it be said, have their Progressive critics, whose unsuspected familiarity with the technique of banking operations might nevertheless, we believe, have been employed more wisely than by putting the banking witnesses consistently on the defensive. Whether the time of the Committee was well spent in dissecting the theories of Major Douglas is however, seriously open to question. His mystical economics have already been publicly repudiated, and for convincing reasons, by the British Labour Party. Our politicians are already rich in economic heresies; why furnish them with more?

**G**RADUATES in the school of *Realpolitik*, M. Poincaré and his friends have spent the past few weeks discovering that others can beat them at their own game. Only last Christmas the stubborn stand being made by the Turkish delegates at Lausanne was being freely attributed to French duplicity. Such an underhand attempt to force Britain into supporting the western policy of France was loudly criticised in a large section of the British press, which even hinted in awe-struck tones at the danger of a separate Franco-Turkish settlement. And now the French government has suddenly found it necessary to dispatch General Weygand to Syria with a large body of troops and herself to threaten a renewed rupture of the Lausanne negotiations if Turkey does not at once abandon her alleged concentration of forces on the Syrian border. This remarkable *volle-face* has presumably been forced on the government by fear of alienating the two most powerful sections of French public opinion, the big industrialists and the great mass of small *rentiers*. The former see their interests threatened, to the tune, it is said, of 100,000,000 francs a year, by the Chester grant, while the latter are naturally much concerned to know whether the Ottoman external debt will be paid in gold or paper francs. The electorate must be growing increasingly restive at the continued deadlock over reparations, and French politicians can ill afford to antagonize it any further by pursuing an unpopular policy in the Near East.

**A**LMOST simultaneously with the announcement of General Weygand's dispatch to Syria we hear that Marshal Foch has gone on a propagandist mission to Warsaw, where apparently he will put forward a plan for co-operation between the general staffs of the Baltic states. In case of Russo-Polish trouble the republics of Poland, Latvia, Lithuania and Esthonia would thus be enabled to present a united front. Unfortunately there can be little doubt that the gradual return to normal conditions in Russia, which was signaled by the adoption of the 'new economic policy', has recently received a setback.



We commented in our last issue, though in a different connexion, on the execution of Monsignor Butchkavitch, and this is but one symptom of the so-called renewal of the Red Terror. While some of the reports that have reached this country are doubtless much exaggerated, the extremists have evidently gained ground during the past two months. The reason for this is a little obscure. Perhaps the Soviet Government, like so many of its contemporaries, has been promising its supporters more than it was subsequently able to perform. We learn, for instance, that the widely advertised educational reforms have broken down owing to the lack of essential supplies. Again, while the export of wheat has been resumed on a small scale, there are said still to be districts where famine conditions prevail. Perhaps, too, foreign missions and concessionaires have not always maintained a sufficiently neutral attitude in matters of internal politics. Attempts to interfere would be a justification of the stand which was made by a large section of the Communist Party against ever admitting them into the country. How far the illness and approaching death of Lenin has removed a moderating influence is another doubtful question. Now that he is no longer in control there is every reason to fear fresh Russian designs on the border states. In these circumstances we can only hope that Marshal Foch's visit will add no fuel to a fire which is already smouldering dangerously.

FOR some time past it has been evident that negotiations of a sort would be reopened between Germany and France. It has been equally evident that they would almost certainly fail. As we have said before, both sides are committed up to the hilt to the maintenance of their respective policies, and there is no physical reason why these policies should not be indefinitely maintained. At the same time both sides needed some excuse to offer the world for prolonging the 'status quo'. This they both now have. France can point to the unsatisfactory nature of the new German reparations offer, falling considerably short, as it does, of what even Great Britain was suggesting last January. As reasonably can the German government assert that, short of submitting to territorial dismemberment, or making an offer it cannot possibly hope to fulfil, it has done its level best to buy off the foreign invaders. When the January proposals were announced we recorded our belief that Mr. Bonar Law had overestimated Germany's capacity to pay. The figure he then suggested was fifty billion gold marks. In view of the injury the Ruhr invasion has since inflicted on her credit, we see no reason to suppose that the figure of thirty billions Germany is now putting forward is less than the utmost she can honestly offer. That this should be conditional on a guarantee against further seizures of securities and on the abandonment

of political and economic restrictions is likewise entirely reasonable. It is only when Germany knows where she stands and is able to proceed without threat of external interference to the stabilization of the mark that she can make any firm offer at all. Until then, any figure offered or accepted must in the nature of things be merely provisional. Finally, the alternative suggestion to refer the whole question to an outside body of experts, whose decision shall be binding, is a guarantee of good faith. It is of course obvious why France has rejected without discussion the whole offer, including this last proposal. Acceptance would ensure the receipt of a moderate amount of reparations, but would necessarily mean the end of her project to set up an independent Rhineland State and so cripple the Reich in the manner she regards as necessary for her own safety. Thus there are still three danger-spots on the European horizon, one in Western Europe, one on the Russian Frontier, and one in the Near East. We on this side of the Atlantic seem as little able to influence the course of events as an observer who watches the gathering clouds is able to avert an approaching thunderstorm.

A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT WRITES: The Federal Parliament, unless its real work is shamelessly jettisoned, will not prorogue before the end of June and I suspect that many of the political paladins who represent, or misrepresent, Ontario at Ottawa will greatly prefer to be spectators of, rather than active participants in, the crucial provincial contest now looming up. Let there be no delusion about its fateful character—it may well prove what Mr. Winston Churchill would call a climacteric in our politics. If victory perches upon Mr. Ferguson's banners, then a Conservative sweep in Ontario at the next Federal Election can be forecasted, Mr. Meighen's prospects will at once become as good as Mr. King's, and either the Liberal party will be banished to the narrow confines of Quebec, to survive as a racial group, or the Progressives will be relegated to the prairie provinces. A cynic of his own party was responsible for the bitter gibe that there was too little Wellington and too much Hay about the Provincial Liberal leader, and he will be hopelessly outranged and outgeneralled in the competition for non-Conservative votes by the formidable Drury-Morrison combination which is now happily restored. On the other hand, if Mr. Drury with the aid of his Labour allies secures a clear majority and continues in office, then I foresee for Canadian Toryism the same fate as its Australian compeer. The industrial and financial mandarins of the Ontario and Western cities, reckoning that the jig is up with Conservatism, will join their Montreal brethren in the camp of Mr. Mackenzie King, and will proceed to do battle against the forces of reform and democracy in the Liberal uniform. Consider how Romeo would have felt if some skinny seamstress of forty had claimed him for her own and publicly embraced him in Juliet's presence with the whole population of Verona insisting upon the seamstress's right to him. Yet if the speeches and professions of Mr. King in his salad days, and even up to the last election, were in any degree sincere, his situation and feelings, in this event which I have foreshadowed, ought to be much more painful than Romeo's would have been. But our Juliet (alias the Progressive party) is not for the moment in the marriage market.

The 'old-folks-at-home' banquet of the Liberal party in the parliamentary restaurant at Ottawa on May 2nd, was, I gather, a very sombre affair. The most popular oration of the evening came from a Canadian journalist now resident in Washington, who heartened his audience by tales of the desperate plight of the Harding administration amid complications much more fearsome than our own. The Prime Minister disclosed himself as neither a Couéite nor a disciple of the late Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, for he indulged in gloomy vaticinations about his own health which outraged the fundamental tenets of these two creeds. He mourned too, over the loneliness of his position and his solemn lacerations about the difficulties of his task recalled Alexander Selkirk's famous lamentation:

'Oh, solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place'.

Here, in our Premier, we have a man who would fain feast, dazzle, be loved, and mayhap sport with Amaryllis in the shade, but alas is condemned by chill fate to spend dreary days and nights wrestling with, not to say settling, such grim problems as the allocation of Quebec senatorships and the restoration of patronage for the solace of his cohorts. However, he found a certain gleeful comfort in the more hapless fate of the Tory leader; but needless to say, he omitted to explain its primary cause, the enlistment of at least half the Toryism of Canada under his own standards. As usual, he was rich in parallels of all kinds, but apparently no one has drawn to his attention the strange and striking parallel between the King Ministry at Ottawa and the Bonar Law Ministry in London. Both possess leaders who have unimaginative pedestrian minds and, naturally, under the stress of great political difficulties quite beyond their limited powers to handle, are showing signs of physical wear; both hold office by a minority popular vote; both are disdainfully contemned by the ablest members of their party; both are dominated by their 'die-hard' elements; and both habitually plead as an excuse for their own multitudinous sins of omission and commission the supposedly greater guilt of their predecessors. I commend this parallel to the study of the Prime Minister, who is so fond of parallels.

I understand that the Cabinet is at present a sort of political cockpit in which internecine warfare is being waged over the Budget. Hence the delay in its production. Statesmen whose primary devotion is given to the Liberal Party and who are therefore prone to view economic problems through political spectacles do daily battle with statesmen whose primary care is bestowed upon the industrial interests of Montreal and kindred communities, and the issue still hangs in the balance. Mr. Fielding is said to be the protagonist of the former band and he and his allies urge judicious cuts in the British preferential rates for the dual purpose of (a) regaining in a measure the well-nigh-lost-for-ever affections of the Progressive party and (b) of consolidating a position of defence against a 'loyalty' campaign when in due course Mr. King at the Imperial Conference finds himself regretfully compelled to decline any responsibility for a naval base at Singapore and other adventures of the ambitious Mr. Amery. There may be some trivial reductions to save the face of Progressive 'friendlies', but I imagine that the manufacturers are too confident in the prowess of more than one trusty Cerberus in the Cabinet to lose much sleep over the fate of their precious schedules.

The existence of numerous *lacunae* in the Cabinet is not generally realized. Yet is there any parallel for four portfolios being vacant in the middle of a session? True, Mr. E. M. Macdonald is acting as Minister of Militia, but he is confessedly only a stopgap. The vagabond Postmaster-General is reported

to be moving northward, filled with no pacifist feelings towards his colleagues, but he has been absent from the House all session, and there is neither a Minister of Immigration nor a Solicitor-General. Mr. T. A. Low who is avowedly destined for the former post is kept shivering on the brink, but there is discretion in the delay. Its real cause is said to be the threat of Mr. Isaac Pedlow, his predecessor in the representation of South Renfrew, to run against him at the inevitable by-election as an Independent Liberal. In the last Parliament Mr. Pedlow played Damon to Mr. Andrew McMaster's Pythias, and he is convinced that the Prime Minister was a party to a base conspiracy in 1921 whereby he was supplanted by Mr. Low and parted from his beloved Cobdenite comrade-in-arms. Mr. Pedlow like John Bright is a militant Quaker and being rich can afford to indulge his feuds and prejudices. He has been brooding over his wrongs and now threatens to run on the fateful Liberal platform of 1919 by way of contrast with Mr. Low's candidature on the Liberal record of 1921-23. Naturally the Liberal chieftains do not relish the prospect of such an enlivening contest and they darkly suspect the perverse Mr. McMaster of abetting the malcontent.

\* \* \*

Mr. Meighen has just been visited by a blessing in disguise. It is in the form of a decision by his party not to hold a national convention. Three weeks ago the idea of a convention dominated the party. All the 'die-hards' were for it; Mr. Meighen, whose besetting sin is a genius for listening to 'die-hards', acquiesced; and I could almost hear the Curries and the Fergusons and the Draytons in that resounding and dreadful war-cry about the 'grand old party of Macdonald'. Then, as if in proof that parties have guardian angels, the proposal stumbled. It stumbled when, at a certain meeting, Mr. J. B. M. Baxter, a Maritime orator, rose and moved that the chairman of the convention should be—Mr. Robert Rogers. Now Mr. Rogers, although a distinguished exile from the Conservative headquarters staff, is by no means anathema to the 'die-hards'. But although they regard him as a victim of Sir Robert Borden's treason to Toryism, they do not consider him as particularly good window-dressing at this time. Ontario might not mind him very much, but there is the capricious West, with whom Mr. Meighen now ventures an occasional waltz, and it does not particularly love Mr. Rogers. And so the whole idea was dropped as being dangerous. Mr. Rogers will neither be hurt nor allowed to hurt anybody; there will be no convention at all.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, the party drifts aimlessly along. Mr. Meighen's extraordinary capacity, fortified by the very steel of courage, is wasted upon topics and personalities that challenge but a third-rate mind. Day after day he sits in the Commons, taxing his energy and temper over petty trifles, engaging in a private vendetta with the Prime Minister, canalizing his party within the narrow intellectual walls of his appalling parliamentary followers. Mr. Meighen does not appear to realize that his main following in the country is composed of people who never saw the inside of a ward association wall, and who never will see one; people who care not for party names and shibboleths and creeds, but who are looking for some mornward pronouncements upon the challenging problems of the times. And so while emigration exceeds immigration, while the East talks secession and the West talks annexation, while there is unemployment and agricultural discontent, and while the Imperial question calls for sober statesmanship, he stands in the House and murmurs the old party incantations about the National Policy. As a consequence, one wonders whether he is reaping the advantage of the Ministry's waning prestige. He has little contact with the press; selects his advisers from the least desirable elements of his party; lacks a party organization or a party war-chest; and, most wonderful of all, especially in these days of propaganda, is without a bureau of publicity.

Mr. Meighen's enlightened supporters are sorely conscious of these defects. They recognize, and almost reverence, his talents, but they are equally, and painfully cognizant of the fact that he is a deplorable strategist, and that unless something more than militant party speeches is brought into play, not even Mr. King's ineptitude will bring early Conservative power.

### Self-Restraint or Closure?

THE obstructionist tactics employed recently in the Ontario Legislature have caused a good many thoughtful people, both inside the province and out of it, to consider whether steps should not be taken to enable the House to facilitate business when an opposition becomes obdurate. Obstruction is no new device, nor has its practice been confined to a few countries. Wherever there are legislatures obstructionists have been found, and almost every country has now adopted rules for checking them. Under the parliamentary system of government there is a particular temptation to use obstruction because the strength and success of a government is estimated by the fortunes of the measures which it proposes. If an important bill is delayed until, for want of time, it must be abandoned, the Cabinet suffers. With this in view an opposition frequently persists in wasting time for no other purpose than to bring discredit upon the Government.

Within the British Empire the right of free speech has been a tradition and for the most part members of parliament have refrained from abusing it. But with the rise of the Irish Nationalist party under Parnell in 1880 the privilege was so exceeded in the British House of Commons that Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill giving the Speaker of the House the right to put the question under debate at any time if he thought it had been sufficiently discussed. After a bitter fight lasting through nineteen sittings the bill was passed, but was not employed until four years later. On that occasion the Speaker was upheld by a majority so narrow as to prompt the Conservative Government in 1887 to amend the Act so that a private member might at any time move 'that the question be now put' and that with the consent of the chair the question should be put forthwith and decided without amendment or debate. With only slight amendments the Act has stood thus ever since. Following in the footsteps of the British Parliament the Canadian House of Commons adopted a similar measure in 1913.

Commenting on these measures the late Viscount Bryce remarked that,

such rules, however necessary as a remedy, are themselves an evil, for they are in turn abused to pass measures which, having been imperfectly discussed, will probably prove faulty when they come to be applied. No remedy except closure has yet been discovered against obstruction, nor any for the misuse of closure itself.

The tendency of governments during recent years is to invade new fields of activity, particularly where the principle of public ownership finds favour. In any case, with a constantly growing population, the volume of business to be transacted and the amount of legislation to be dealt with at any session of parliament is an ever increasing quantity. Toward the close of every session important bills are rushed through and even then business is always greatly in arrears.

But the business of the country must go on, and to guide and administer it ways and means must be devised. As stated by Lord Bryce, closure is the only known method of overcoming factious opposition. It is to be noted, however, that in the Houses of Parliament, both in London and at Ottawa, there is a second chamber before which bills passed by the Commons must come for scrutiny and sanction. In the provincial Houses there is no such check, the only safeguard being the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. Only with extreme reluctance would the Lieutenant-Governor withhold his consent from any measure recommended to him by Parliament. There are, therefore, reasons of more than ordinary weight why any Provincial Prime Minister should shrink from advocating closure. Yet in practice a Premier, armed with a weapon which he might abuse, may well prove less of a menace to politics than a paralysed government would be. The alternative to closure is for members to respect the long tradition of the Mother of Parliaments.

### Old Feuds and New Discords

THE traveller coming fresh from Germany, where every incident, every anecdote, even every trivial detail of life, served to confirm the initial impression that Europe's sickness is fundamentally an economic sickness, can hardly escape a feeling of helplessness when he first finds himself among the complicated racial jealousies and time-worn political rivalries that go, almost more than economic distractions, to make up the problem of the succession states. In Germany, or in England, for the matter of that, not merely the sickness but the remedy had seemed obvious. German industry—the keystone still of Central Europe's economic life—was at last beginning to show unmistakably the effect of four years' steady corrosion by the Treaty, supplemented latterly by a vigorous chopping and chiselling in the Ruhr. Arrest these destructive processes by the simple expedient of a revision of the Treaty, and Europe's convalescence, perhaps even her eventual restoration to the golden health of the nineteenth century, would once more be in sight. The other ineptitudes of the peacemakers, in so far as Germany and, through Germany, Europe was con-



cerned, could, it seemed, be left safely to the future: the German people were not contemplating a war of revenge over the Saar or Eupen or even Upper Silesia. In some such light as this the European problem presented itself, and still presents itself, to the majority of English people. But this economic aspect, menacing and urgent as it is, is not the whole of the problem; and among the fragments of the old Austrian Empire one is impressed by an unexpected sense of danger, less imminent and less tangible, perhaps, but more complicated and more persistent.

Someone has said that the war for civilization achieved at least three remarkable results in Bolshevikizing Eastern Europe, Bottomleyizing Western Europe, and Balkanizing Central Europe. If one of these imputed results has already vanished, one at least remains true. Politically speaking Central Europe has become part of the Balkans—so thoroughly a part that there are probably few statesmen outside of it to-day who do not regret the ramshackle empire that embraced, and to some extent reconciled, this mass of conflicting nationalities. Whatever else it may have been the Austrian Empire was at least a member of European civilization; and it is little wonder that the spectacle presented by its remnants to-day brings small credit to the gospel of self-determination. But before condemning President Wilson and all his works, it is worth recalling that other divinities and other dogmas had a share in the construction of this new world. M. Clemenceau and the French General Staff, which advised him in the delicate matter of redrawing the map of Europe, did not, if we are to believe what we read to-day, care very much about the principle of self-determination; they were much more engrossed with a project of their own that depended chiefly upon such strictly military considerations as strategical frontiers—the now almost forgotten *cordon sanitaire*. The prevailing tendency to ignore this factor and to lay all the blame for the new subject populations—the fresh little flourishing spots of *Irridentism*—at the door of poor Mr. Wilson and his theory is, to say the least, not likely to advance the ultimate resettlement of Central Europe.

It would be inaccurate, perhaps, to describe the Austrian Republic as one of the succession states; it is more like the testator's ghost; its attenuated existence seems incapable of supporting either the ambitions, or the animosities, or the passionate regrets that consume the more vital inheritors. Thanks to the intervention of the League of Nations and the energy of Mgr. Seipel, Austria has lately regained a certain grip on life. The despairing attitude, so prevalent until only a few months ago, that a small agricultural country, such as Austria has become, could never support a great industrial and commercial centre like Vienna, is giving place to the more hopeful view, encouraged both by the trade

returns and the banking statistics, that Vienna will retain her position as the chief distributing point for South Eastern Europe, and even, assuming a continued stabilization of the crown, regain a fair measure of her former prosperity. Indeed the restoration of Vienna has already reached a point that makes it necessary for her to relinquish to Berlin her title to being the chief misery spot among the capitals of Europe. That this change should have been accomplished with the crown still at over three hundred thousand to the pound supplies something very like proof of Mr. Keynes' contention that stabilization and not deflation is the real problem of reconstruction. Of militarism or nationalism in its worse sense Austria seems to know nothing; even the diminutive army authorized by the Treaty is not maintained, and the only general aspiration that could be said to savour of nationalism is the lingering one for union with Germany.

Of the succession states properly so called, Czecho-Slovakia is unquestionably the favoured child. Within its borders are comprised, not only the bulk of the natural resources of the old Empire, but, as a result of the somewhat strained application of the doctrine of self-determination already mentioned, a considerable subject population of both Germanic and Magyar origin. But even though fortune has smiled on her, Czecho-Slovakia (or rather her social-democrat leaders) has reason to feel proud of what has been accomplished in barely three years. Alone among the states of Central Europe she has achieved not only stabilization, but an almost heroic deflation of her currency; while, alone among all European states, she has succeeded in imposing, without any of the untoward results commonly predicted as the inevitable accompaniments of such measures, a genuine levy on capital and a tax on war profits. On the political side, the picture is not so bright. Long oppressed themselves, the Czechs now indulge in something very like oppression of their own racial minorities. Moreover, any person who imagines that state socialism necessarily means an end of militarism should pay a visit to this energetic, ambitious country; they will probably see in the streets of Prague more soldiers than in the streets of any other European city—and this notwithstanding the fact that all the adjoining states, certainly all those that might be described as unfriendly, have been reduced by the treaties to a condition of military helplessness. French influence is said still to be predominant, especially in the army; and English people do not appear to be popular, although many Czechs seem to have preserved a friendly feeling for Canada as a result of the repatriation of their troops through that country.

Unlike Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary has known no smile of fortune; peacemakers, Bolsheviks, and Roumanian spoilers have in turn played havoc with

her; yet this extraordinarily virile Magyar people preserve alike their confidence and their ambition. Here, almost alone in Central Europe, the noble and upper middle classes retain their ascendancy; and it is these classes in conjunction with a hardy but unenlightened peasantry that constitute the mainstay of Admiral Horthy's government. This versatile naval officer, who delights in equestrian portraiture, has installed himself in the old royal palace in Buda, and assumed not a few of the attributes of royalty itself, including the designation of 'Highness'. It seems to be unlikely, however, that he cherishes any dynastic ambitions of his own; like his loyal supporters he is probably a convinced upholder of the legitimist principle, though in the meantime they are all of them more concerned in keeping their heads above water than in securing the succession of the little Archduke Otto. In spite of the cruelty shown by this ruling caste in their suppression, not merely of communism, but of almost every trace of liberal opinion, there is something pathetic in their determination to preserve the traditions of an ancient society. In a Central Europe of despairing or vanishing middle classes, this Magyar gentry struggles manfully to preserve its old habit of life. In Berlin the foreigner feels almost ashamed to be seen wearing a dinner jacket: in Budapest he stands diffidently aside while Hungarian society in slightly worn evening clothes and pre-war full dress uniform pre-empt the best hotel for a charity ball.

All of this is encouraging in its way; but what do these undaunted people look forward to? What do they think of the future? Once one has got beyond the conventional laments for a Hungary, defenceless and despoiled, yet still a temptation to powerful and greedy neighbours, it begins to dawn on one that there is nothing this ruling caste looks forward to so much as a chance of recovering the lost Hungarian territories with their Hungarian populations. It is not the economic plight of Europe, it is not the economic plight of their own country that obsesses them; it is the thought that Hungarian lands with their historical associations and their great estates are now a part of Czecho-Slovakia or Roumania or Jugo-Slavia. One can hear influential men in Budapest talk seriously of the approaching war when Britain and America will be furnishing them with arms to destroy the upstart, commercial Czecho-Slovak republic, or to put Roumania and Jugo-Slavia in their proper places. Naturally, too, they talk bitterly of the peace and of the French whom they regard as chiefly responsible for it; but they seem incapable of really understanding the desperate condition of Europe to-day. Treaty-making to them is a matter of territory and a matter of race. All they know of the economic consequences of the peace is that they cannot afford to travel in Italy as they used to. Their chief admiration is for England, but

it is on Germany, still the amazingly competent leader in a tremendous if mistaken war, that their eyes are really fixed—eyes that simply do not see the terrible swamps of economic disorder in which Germany and the rest of Europe are floundering. In the meantime one cannot but admire the courage with which they preserve alike their pre-war evening clothes, their sense of racial superiority, and their dangerous ignorance of modern industrial tendencies.

What is to be the solution of these problems of race and nationality in Central Europe? Nowadays no one has much good to say about the treaties, but it is one thing to modify a few economic clauses and quite another to set about re-drawing the boundaries of Central Europe. It is hardly likely that prosperous Czecho-Slovakia, or Greater Roumania, or the military kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes are now going to be persuaded voluntarily to relinquish valuable territory just because Mr. Wilson was tricked into giving them subject populations. Any attempt to revise the territorial settlement of Central Europe would, in fact, mean war, just as surely as an indefinite maintenance of the economic settlement in the west would mean a general collapse. Good or bad, the territorial clauses of the treaties will, in the main, have to stand. By degrees the League of Nations may be able to accomplish some of the more pressing adjustments, but they will not be many, and all the broader, vaguer causes of contention, the old jealousies, the old suspicions and rivalries, will remain, unless some solution is devised by the disputants themselves. For the moment the weakness of the despoiled nations furnishes a temporary guarantee of peace, but it would be foolish to count permanently on a disparity of forces. Here, even more than in Western Europe, it is mental disarmament that is needed.

E. H. BLAKE.

### A Real Rural Teacher

OF the twenty-nine sections into which the Ontario Educational Association dissipates its energies, no other is so populous as the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Section. Convocation Hall itself is required to house its numbers. A stranger who chanced to visit it during Easter Week could not fail to be attracted by the chairman of the Section, a quiet and firm and capable man ruling with evident satisfaction a varied throng with decided and often discordant views. If he had been curious enough to ask the name and station he would have learned that the chairman of the Trustees' and Ratepayers' Section was not a trustee at all, but one R. J. McKessock, a teacher from a cross-roads school at Solina in Durham County. The absurdity of a teacher presiding over trustees in these latter days of Teachers' Federations might very well have overpowered our visitor, unless

on further inquiry he discovered that Mr. McKessock is not merely a teacher, but a farmer in a small but exceptionally successful way.

Some years ago a writer in the women's page of one of our city papers, with the charming disregard of logic sometimes associated with the feminine mind, described Mrs. Nellie McClung in the following words: 'Her dark Irish eyes were pools of reflection as she talked for she was born near Owen Sound, the daughter of a Mr. Mooney.' Mr. McKessock, like Mrs. McClung, comes from Chatsworth in North Grey. He had his schooling there and in Owen Sound. For four years he taught in the public school near his home, and then removed to his present position, which he has held for twenty-three years. It was as a citizen and farmer of Durham County that he was sent as delegate to the Educational Association by his neighbours. His serious purpose and solid ability did the rest, and earned him the high if somewhat anomalous honour of being chosen chairman over the trustees.

In the second article of this series, giving the history of Crown Hill School, it was shown how forty years ago men of standing in the community were found as teachers in the rural schools of Ontario. It was pointed out that Mr. C. W. Chadwick in 1879 was able to attract as many as twenty-three students between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one to his school while Mr. T. T. Young in the adjacent school section of Dalston carried students through to the Second-Class Teachers' Certificate. Mr. McKessock is a survival of the old idea that the job of the rural teacher is a man's job. He is one of five similarly minded in Number One inspectorate of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham. Of the other four, two like himself take a practical and personal interest in agriculture.

Mr. McKessock's farming operations are neither extensive nor unprofitable. He has only fifteen acres, but the land is very fertile and supplies him, at wholesale prices, with most of the food required for his family. He specializes in poultry and small fruits. His bred-to-lay hens are well known through the county and he is able to get a good price for settings of eggs. He keeps two horses, suitable for driving as well as farm work—thus avoiding the automobile, that menace to small incomes. Some Jersey cattle complete his stock. They serve to supply the house with milk and butter, to give the hens and chickens their necessary milk, to use up the hay and fodder produced on the farm, and to maintain the fertility of the soil. A careful study of scientific methods of production and of the use of by-products has made this little farm one of the very few in Durham County which in these lean years is profitable on a commercial basis; that is to say it pays interest on investment and wages as well.

So much for the hobby; now for the work. The cardinal principle of education according to Mr. McKessock, as may be inferred from his own manner of life, is that the school must be closely related to the life of the community. The complaint of some farmers that schooling often educates away from the farm, that it seduces country children into 'white-collar' jobs, can find no justification in Solina. A teacher who is an expert on certain branches of farming and who is as much at home behind the plough as behind the desk, is not likely to imprint on the plastic brains of his pupils foolish notions about the superior advantages of city life. A man who chooses to live in the country is the only kind of man who should direct the training of country children. A love for the soil is one of the greatest needs of English-speaking Canada. School fairs have done much to develop this sentiment. But without teachers who combine an enthusiasm for farming with a love of learning, little can be accomplished.

The High School Entrance Examination does not end all in Solina. Indeed Mr. McKessock holds that in Ontario most children both enter and leave school too soon. Novices are not welcomed in this ungraded school before the age of seven; before that age children are held to be unripe for book-learning. The Entrance is passed at the age of twelve or thirteen, so that the public school life of the average pupil is some two years shorter than that of the average pupil in the finely graded city schools where the Entrance Examination is usually passed at fourteen. After passing the Entrance, pupils either go to Bowmanville or elsewhere to a high school, or they continue their education with Mr. McKessock. A course is arranged for such pupils less with a view to preparing for a subsequent examination than with the object of giving a training for life. Cultural subjects such as English and history are linked with practical subjects like book-keeping and mathematics, with a pinch of scientific agriculture thrown in, and the work is arranged so as to give a complete course in two winters. So strong is the appeal of this continuation work that last year there was no adolescent in Solina under the age of seventeen who was not attending school. Mr. Casselman's bogey has no place there.

The question naturally occurs as to how one man can manage so many classes successfully, and whether the younger pupils do not suffer from neglect. Mr. McKessock points to the age at which the Entrance Examination is passed as a proof that they do not suffer, and by way of explanation adds that in his opinion most young children are overtaught. This is particularly true, he holds, of Mathematics. He defers the giving of long and complicated 'sums' or problems till the intellect of the pupil meets them naturally and with ease. Pupils are trained to work by themselves, and they pick up a great deal by



hearing their elders recite. The students in the senior classes are employed in putting exercises on the blackboard and otherwise they assist with the lower classes. By preparing his exercises beforehand and economizing time in school he makes it possible to deal fairly with all the grades. But Mr. McKessock is not one of those modern teachers whose cleverness permits them to lock up all school work with their desks at four o'clock.

Perhaps the most delicate relations in the range of a teacher's experience now-a-days are not those with the pupils but those with the trustees. Since the coming of the teachers' federations there is a growing tendency to regard that relationship as one of employer and employee. This disease has not reached Solina. The trustees are prominent farmers in the community, the chairman this year being President of the Experimental Union, an association of graduates and ex-students of the Ontario Agricultural College. Meetings of trustees are usually held at the teacher's home. Matters of salary, when they must be determined, are not determined on the basis of how little can we give or how much can I claim. Twenty-three years ago the salary was four hundred dollars; to-day it is eleven hundred. With the revenue from the farm this enables the teacher to live, if not in affluence, at any rate with comfort and sufficient reserve to provide an education for his family. Mr. McKessock has no desire to live on a scale above that of his friends and neighbours, and the gulf which in the cities separates rich and poor fortunately is still wanting in the country.

Is this not a work worth doing and a life worth living, a wholesome life in a wholesome environment? Have we no place in Canada for the dominie whose school is the pride of his valley, and whose scholars, with intellects purged by oatmeal, are the pride of the Scots Universities? The infinitely fruitful life of men like Mr. McKessock, narrow though it may seem to 'sons of the world', puts to shame many a petty ambition. A thousand such men in the schools of rural Ontario could change the whole face of affairs in a generation, perhaps almost in a decade. Rural leaders who would be national leaders would arise by reason of and not in spite of our educational system—and those whose fate it would be to judge of policy rather than to invent it, the mass of country folk, would be good farmers and good citizens, incapable of being stampeded by economic fallacies or appeals to prejudice. And the teachers themselves would slip into old age with their investments in something more profitable than Standard Oil.

C. B. SISSONS.

## Straws in the Wind

SOME elections more than others point the trend of political thought. This is, perhaps, the chief significance of a by-election in Calgary.

From this city five members were elected at large for the provincial house in 1921. With the death of that refreshing and unique figure, R. C. (Bob) Edwards, the editor of the *Calgary Eye-Opener*, a seat in the Calgary riding became vacant.

In the ensuing by-election, the first since the election of 1921, the course of political events was somewhat complicated. The old line parties hesitated at first to put in a nomination, even in a city constituency. While they were deliberating, Mr. W. M. Davidson, who, although he had been the Liberal member from Calgary from 1917-21, had become convinced that 'Liberalism's day was done unless it was rescued from the party machine', announced himself as an *independent* candidate.

For this step the way had been paved by his previous political attitude as editor of the *Morning Albertan*. For twenty years he had never foregone the right to impartial criticism, and in the Legislature he had followed the same policy. Thus, he supported the Unionists in 1917, refused to attend party caucuses, urged upon the Liberals of Alberta the need for reorganization along progressive lines, declared that he stood for 'New Liberalism' and did not accept the Liberal nomination in 1921. This was the political history which set the stage for his candidature as an Independent.

With Mr. Davidson's announcement events quickened. Two other candidates immediately followed his example. F. C. Potts, editor of the *Westerner*, came out as wine and beer candidate and C. T. Jones, K.C., was put forward by the Moderation League. Shortly afterwards, the two old line parties began to move. The Liberals, disowning their renegade son, nominated C. J. Ford, K.C., a defeated candidate in 1921. The Conservatives, after a stormy convention in which the possibility of a fusion of the Liberal and Conservative machines was discussed, did not nominate. Similarly the Labour Party decided to leave the field uncontested. However, on a suggestion that this was due to favouritism to one of the candidates already in the running (presumably Mr. Davidson), a rider was added to their resolution 'forbidding all elected members from taking any active part in supporting any candidate'.

A further complication was added the same day by a notice of 'a public meeting to be held for the purpose of nominating a Citizens' candidate to contest the forthcoming Provincial by-election in opposition to the present Provincial or any other form of group government'. These currents came to a rapid *denouement*.

The next day the Liberals held a second and secret convention at which the following resolution was passed:

In view of the fact that the principles of Liberalism are in harmony with the interests of all citizens and for the purpose of co-operating in the movement to nominate a 'Citizens' candidate in the coming bye-election, be it resolved that we accept the invitation of the 'Citizens' convention held tonight for this purpose and that we authorize the Liberal candidate, Mr. C. J. Ford, to attend that convention with full liberty of action, and that this convention now adjourn to attend the 'Citizens' convention in the G.W.V.A. hall.

Mr. Ford then accompanied a delegation to the Citizens' meeting then in session and, on the strength of the resolution quoted above, declared that he attended 'not as a candidate of any other party', and when the nomination of the Citizens' meeting was offered him on the understanding that 'he must be opposed to the class or group form of government' he accepted.

A significant editorial in the *Calgary Herald* (Southam Press) interprets this as follows:

The Conservative and Liberal parties of Calgary have demonstrated that, in the true interests of Calgary, they are willing to drop partizanship and to unite upon one candidate as a representative, not of a party but of the citizens. Mr. Ford had been nominated by the Liberals as their party candidate. The Conservatives later declined to put a candidate in the field. Instead they invited the Liberals to join with them in nominating a Citizens' candidate to represent Calgary's interests irrespective of party affiliations. The joint nomination of C. J. Ford significantly marks a new epoch in provincial affairs. Every urban community in Alberta will read of this citizens' movement with close interest. It is a protest, not so much against the Greenfield Government, as against the principles on which that Government was elected. No government, founded on the doctrine of exclusive economic group representation, can endure. The government of a state must represent fairly all classes in the state.

This editorial appears to define the issue for us fairly clearly. On the one hand we have a fusion of the old line parties into a political group presumably opposed to occupational group government, on the other side Mr. Davidson, without party affiliations, harbouring no grudge against the Greenfield Government, but no champion of group politics, and standing for an open mind on all legislation.

The situation was further clarified by the almost immediate withdrawal of Mr. Potts and Mr. Jones in favour of Mr. Ford.

The campaign that followed was most vigorously conducted. In suggested reforms the platforms of the two candidates were quite similar. Both called for retrenchment, for the relief of unemployment and for a definition of municipal versus provincial rights, all apparently inevitable planks in any nominee's programme in consideration of the present economic state of Alberta. Significant, in view of Mr. Davidson's victory, perhaps, was his demand, although a prohibitionist, for a new plebiscite to cover all liquor possibilities on a preferential vote basis, his suggestion

that an agricultural survey be made to value the various districts of the province and to indicate the sections in which development is prevented by the holdings of speculators, his declaration that all government departments should be centralized under one financial head, and his endorsement of proportional representation and the preferential vote.

His platform, however, does not seem to have been the main element in Mr. Davidson's sweeping success. On the whole, as has been said, Mr. Ford stood for the same principles. The withdrawal of Mr. Potts and Mr. Jones in favour of Mr. Ford may have aided the independent candidate, and the other factors contributing to Mr. Davidson's victory may have been his personal friendship with the previous member, the support accorded him by the Farmer Party, and the possible dissatisfaction of some old-line Liberals and Conservatives with a combination candidate, as evidenced by the smallness of Mr. Ford's majority in the Conservative stronghold of South Calgary.

These, however, seem to have been minor forces. The real explanation for Mr. Davidson's election should, apparently, be sought elsewhere. His opponents have heralded his success as a personal triumph. Mr. Davidson's supporters believe that it rings the death-knell in the West of machine-politics and the old-line parties; and that the nucleus for a new and independent Liberalism has been formed.

THE STROLLER.

## Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents, who should confine themselves to 800 words. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.

## The Saving of God

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

May I congratulate the writer and you on the article in your last number under the title 'The Saving of God'? It was delightfully stimulating. I hope you will permit me to make a few comments and to send a message to the writer through your columns.

Granting the impossibility of dealing with a vast subject in a short article, I wish the writer, for the sake of his readers, had found room for a few definitions. What, for instance, does he mean by 'Supernatural' or 'Divine Revelation'?

Also I am a little confused by the many Gods of the article and their relations to one another. Three Gods, at least, I discovered: the God of Christ, the official God of all the Churches, and the 'figure of the new God'. Two of these three, I recognized: the official God of all our Churches was a new and strange God to me. In one respect I bewail my limitations; my ex-

perience is confined to one Church. In that Church I have had the good fortune to have worked with Cosmo Gordon Lang, Winnington Ingram, Ridgeway, the late Bishop of Salisbury. The works of Gore, the essays of Talbot of Winchester, the teaching of Roper, Bidwell, and the late Dr. Cayley are familiar to me. One and all spoke of God, but He had not the slightest resemblance to the writer's 'official God of all the Churches'. It is not a pleasure to meet this God: let us bow to him as he appears in your columns and pass on, trusting that we will never meet him again.

I was troubled, too, by a few omissions. The writer of the article foresees a new conflict between Science and Theology, and leaves the ring clear for the combatants. I wonder if these are the only voices entitled to consideration? History, Philosophy, and Art have been vocal in the past. Are they dumb now? Have they no message for men in the last few decades? Can Theology and Science afford to ignore these priests and prophets of the Supreme Being? After all, Science and Theology have one feature in common. The successes of both have been based on the application of the old tag, *Omnia per saltum facit*. Science justifies faith by her works; do her lesser lights allow Theology the same privilege?

As I read Mr. Davidson Ketchum's paper, I seemed to recognize the spirit of multitudes unconsciously putting their very souls into the prayer, 'Hallowed be Thy Name'; the prayer of Jesus that men might know God as He is, holy, complete, perfect. The prayer implies a progressive revelation to men of the beauty and wonder of God; it also implies that in every age God needs, not saving, I would suggest, but a further unveiling. This is, I believe, the spirit of the writer; and the underlying strength of movements like the Student Movement is, I suggest, the working of the same spirit.

Who will save God? asks Mr. Ketchum. A prophet of old answered, 'Here am I! Send me!' If the writer is correct in thinking that the God of Christ is in danger, and will try to save him from the threatening figure of the new God, and from the official God of all the Churches, then he may expect the fate of his Master—a welcome from the few, the opposition of the many, the infliction of the Cross, and the reward which comes to all who love and serve Truth.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

F. H. BREWIN.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

With a good deal in Mr. Ketchum's essay on 'The Saving of God' I am in hearty agreement. A certain popular (he calls it 'the official') conception of God must die; and the end cannot come too soon. But I cannot help thinking that Mr. Ketchum's new God—'The Spirit of all Life... manifest solely in his works... not personal... not outside of, and superior to, the great processes of nature' (and much besides) logically takes us further than he seems at present to realize—further than most of us, I imagine, will be prepared to go. Indeed, my first reflection after reading the article was: we need a paper now on 'The Saving of Religion'; for it is clearly impossible to maintain a religious life (distinct, for the moment, from ethical behaviour) without belief in a God to whom one can pray and with whom one can hold spiritual communion. Now you cannot pray to an impersonal Life-Force, nor hold communion with 'the things that matter', and I submit to Mr. Ketchum that the silent prayer which is here and there taking the place of extempore prayer amongst students is symptomatic of the paralysis that results from these abstractions. The only logical practice, surely, where belief in a personal God has been supplanted by a conviction of a Life-Force, or a reverence for 'the things that matter', is not prayer—even in its most spiritual form—but auto-suggestion—Coué-ism—and Religion cannot live on that. Further,

it is difficult to see how Mr. Ketchum can hope to retain the name 'Christian' for his new Divinity. Whatever else Jesus did or did not believe in, He did believe in a personal God, and for all that may be said for Science there is surely nothing 'unscientific' in thinking of God as the Father of mankind? Is Mr. Ketchum sure, by-the-by, that he is speaking for Science? He seems to use the word rather proudly, authoritatively, but I really doubt if he is justified in doing so. Besides, can Science, in itself, give us any sort of God? To speak of Science being God's 'priest' is an extravagance. When Science has told us all it has to say there is still a further step to be taken before Religion is possible: you may call it what you will ('faith', 'the noblest hypothesis', or 'superstition'), the step has to be taken, and not a few notable men of Science have found that they could make the venture without being untrue to their scientific knowledge. Mr. Ketchum banks everything on 'the way of Love'. Let him give me a Lover and I will follow. As it is, he is inviting us backward (calling it, oddly enough, progress). Historically, the religious movement so far has been: Nothing to Something; Something to Somebody; Somebody to the Holy One of Israel; and, finally, the Universal Father, of Jesus. Now we are asked to go back to 'Something'—an impersonal Spirit in things. One cannot help wondering which way then?

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

F. J. MOORE.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I have been very much interested in reading what Mr. Ketchum has to say of scientific method in his essay on 'The Saving of God' in the last issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. I am interested because I find that Mr. Ketchum, after deploring the popular 'ignorance as to the method by which Science operates', proceeds to define the true method as follows:—'Scientists are concerned first with the investigation and analysis of facts, and then with the projection and establishment of hypotheses to account for these facts'. This may sound all very well as a general maxim, but as a description of scientific method it is very misleading. A scientific problem—as a student of experimental science, I write the word with a small letter—is generally approached by the following routine steps: first, a clear statement of the result which it is hoped the research will establish; a careful examination of the methods and results of all previous experiments related to the subject under investigation; the construction of a working hypothesis and the testing of it by means of actual experimentation; the proving of the hypothesis by the result of the experiments or its rejection and the construction of a series of fresh hypotheses until the experimental results are in entire agreement with the hypothetical statement. But even so, the conclusions thus obtained can be accepted as scientifically true only in as far as they relate to the exact conditions under which the experiment has been conducted. A general statement bridging the gaps between experimental results can at best be only a judicious guess. No accredited scientist could accept such a statement as a scientific truth. I cannot but feel that this has something to do with Mr. Ketchum's assertion that 'without a great mental effort it is difficult to realize... how largely it (science) is beginning to fill the place once occupied by a supernatural being'. Unless science is to be interpreted as a congeries of popular unscientific guesses, it is extremely difficult to believe, in fact it is incredible, that any scientist could accept as truth any hypotheses seeking to explain so-called supernatural phenomena until these hypotheses had been incontrovertibly proved as the result of exact experiment. I say 'so-called' supernatural phenomena, because the distinction between the natural and the supernatural is not absolute but relative. Scientific experiment can advance the outposts of the sphere of natural phenomena, as for instance, to take a very simple example, the laws relating to atmospheric disturbances.



But science is concerned with supernatural phenomena only so far as they enter into its working hypotheses. It makes no scientific statement about the supernatural, either by way of affirmation or denial. Science is, in fact, concerned with nothing but its task in hand. It is, it must be, utterly callous. It has no interest in the wonderful and tender things with which Mr. Ketchum so generously associates it. Love has only one meaning to a biologist, and Beauty is so functional a thing that it is not even skin-deep.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

DONALD D. MCKAY.

### The Saving of Man

I BELIEVE that Matthew Arnold—in spite of a strain of irritating aggressiveness in his own character—was intensely aware of, and did his best to show clearly to the world a quality of the English mind which has produced much that is most beautiful in English art and religion and life. But he preached the gospel of 'sweetness and light' with all the roughness of the controversialist; and it is a curious spectacle to see this gentle philosopher, not always with either dignity or humour, beating so fiercely the triple-headed monster he wished to tame. He is regarded as the chief prophet of the 'high-brows', and the leader of all those who talk about culture and the humanities and who are supposed to despise the humbler virtues. 'What a set!' With some such exclamation they and their criticisms alike are swept aside. It is, perhaps, worth while considering, however, whether there is any truth in the very serious charge that is at the root of Arnold's criticism of the churches—that there is no possibility of discerning there the way to the highest experience of human life: that is to say, there is no place there for great artists, or prophets, or saints.

What place is there for the artist in an institution which divides all art into two sections—sacred and secular—and regards the former as beautiful and solemn and therefore fit to worship God with, but the latter merely as a pleasant and, on the whole, blameless amusement, if not indulged in too much?—What place is there for the prophet in an institution which lives by tradition, and is inevitably slow and conservative in its thinking and never able to accept a prophet until two generations after his death, when the sting of his words may be carefully taken out?—What place is there for the saint in an institution which is bound to be respectable and to accept the conventions and customs of decent society? For saints are notoriously careless of social standards, and are often found to have the most disreputable friends, and the most questionable manners.

Most people would, I think, find their imagination baffled by the attempt to bring Shakespeare or Blake into the midst of a congregation of good church people: it would scarcely be easier to find a place for that Francis of Assisi whom men called holy, or that

Jesus of Nazareth whom men called the Son of God. For these are all free men, citizens of no mean country; and they can have nothing to do with any lesser loyalties. They are not like the timid barn-door fowl; they wing their strong flight through the open fields of the air. They have no fear of life; they accept it—the whole of it—courageously and confidently. They have eaten freely of the fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—and yet they have remained in the Garden. They are experienced, yet innocent. They are as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves. They live in the world like men whose eyes are open, among a multitude that is blind; and when they speak, we cry out, 'Never man spake like this man—surely this is the voice of a god.'

There is, I believe, a very close kinship between the great artist and the saint; their highest experiences are the same. They have been partakers of the same glory: but the one gives it expression in some form of colour or sound, the other reveals it more directly in the common dialect of life. They are both men who have found their own souls, and have entered into full possession of life. They move about freely in a world of which they are makers. For they have gained a certain aloofness from life, by which they are freed from the tyranny of circumstance. Yet they have not gained their freedom like the Epicurean, by a careful restraint of all desires and passions, nor like the Stoic by killing all desire: such ways are not for them; because they do not feel that they belong to a world which is hostile to them. They have entered into an inheritance, to which they were born. Life is a 'garden of love', and it is always a matter of astonishment to them that other men should not be happy in it, but should be afraid of its intoxicating joys or its wild natural beauty.

I went to the Garden of Love,  
And saw what I never had seen:  
A chapel was built in the midst,  
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
And 'thou shalt not' writ over the door;  
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love  
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was fill'd with graves,  
And tombstones where flowers should be,  
And Priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,  
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

What indeed have these makers to do with the narrow ways of sectarian religion, or with the chatter of schools of art? If they, as often happens, are the founders of new religions and new types of art, it is unwittingly. For in their lifetime few men understood them; and when they are dead, their followers make idols of them which are often a terrible caricature of the original. Could not the disciples of these makers of life learn from those who sit at the feet of the great makers of art? They do not 'play

the sedulous ape' in order merely to be able to copy their methods and follow them line by line, but to learn from them true originality; by contact with them to discover what is in their own souls. That was a wise saying of Stevenson's, 'Of works of art little can be said. We drink them up like water, and are bettered, we know not how.' By no amount of patience, and care, and idolatrous worship can we transfer to our own pages the living spirit from the pages of another. Nor can we borrow from another the strength, or the courage, or the wisdom that is his: we have to discover our own. We have to create our own personalities. Life like art is creative. To find our souls, to know our own selves, to be born again—there are many phrases for this supreme experience, in which man is at the very same moment most human and most divine. For just when a man is most fully conscious of his own individual human personality is he likeliest to the gods.

Halte dich im stillen rein,  
Und lass es um dich wettern;  
Je mehr du fühlst, ein Mensch zu sein,  
Desto ähnlicher bist du den Göttern.

But is not this the very madness of individualism? Would not this make for sheer anarchy? It might seem so, were it not that there is apparently an order, a unity in all religious and artistic experience, which is reassuring. The greatest art is that which is most fully individual, but is at the same time expressive of something beyond the individual. A memorable phrase of Bach, a fine sentence of Shakespeare, which is, as we say, most characteristic, most individual in manner and time, seems also to possess a beauty beyond that which they gave it—a beauty all its own. It is, as it were, a part of the ordered beauty of life itself, eternal and unchanging. And in all the religious experience of saints and prophets, from the east and from the west, there is both the same diversity—one star differing from another star in glory—and the same manifestation of order and unity.

There can be no anarchy of life as a result of this philosophy of individualism, unless the universe itself is without law. 'If'—says A. E. in his last book, *The Interpreters*—'we are true to the law of our being, nature provides the balance. Let us all be individual, myriad-minded, godlike, acting from our own wills and our own centres, and will Nature therefore be upset? No, the law will adjust everything and bring about a harmony of diversities.' Some of you 'want to do Nature's work by providing a harmony of identities. I think it was old Plotinus who said that when each utters its own voice all are brought into accord by universal law. So I have absolute faith that if we are ourselves fully, we do not become enemies, but see more fully the beauty in each other's eyes.'

H. J. DAVIS.

### Moritura Te Saluto

YES, sit you there where I can see your face;  
To-night we are but lovers, but who knows  
What we may be to-morrow when we're wed?  
Perchance you'll turn a tyrant, I, a wife,  
A creature made to fill your nature out  
And please you at your leisure, cast aside  
When you are weary, taken as a toy  
To soothe you when you're sad and make you gay.  
There was a time when things were different,  
And I was tyrant and could laugh at those  
Who came to woo; but then my heart was whole,  
And I'd not given half of it away  
For the mere asking; then I stood alone  
And in myself sufficient, like a god.  
I did not long to search another out  
On whom to empty out my inmost thoughts  
As you men do.—But now all that is past,  
And I am treading on an unknown road,  
Whither I know not, but it leads away,  
Far, far away from that I trod before.  
Here am I, blinded by the gleam of love  
That late I mocked at, thought an untrimmed lamp  
Which none but fools would look on. Like a moth  
I've singed my wings and now must give my life,  
Whether I would or not, to serve its ends.  
Ah, how I've stood aside and laughed at those  
Who turned their feeble lamp-light to their sun,  
And closed their eyes to swear that nought more bright  
Shone ever upon earth—the while I knew  
That when its oil was burned it must go out  
And with its death slay all its worshippers.  
Now here is my own lamp that mocks the day  
And jeers at all the candles of the sky,  
It seems so bright.—I vowed that I would live  
To use the love of others, be a stone  
For aught I felt, yet use to mine own ends  
The blindness of those fools who dared to think  
That stones could love. I had ambition then  
Not of the vainer sort, my thoughts were high;  
And now they are but dreams unrealized,  
And my whole life is what I've left behind.  
Oh, what a fool I was who needs must love  
When all my stars bade me have scorn of it!  
Well, the lot's fallen and my lamp is lit,  
Its oil, my life; and when that's all burned out  
There's death the second time, for I must die  
To-morrow once, slain by the priestly vows  
That make us one. That is my suicide.  
They say the end of life is but a change,  
For the better, too, perchance this is the same.  
God knows and I shall soon.—This is not love,  
You tell me, but I say you cannot tell,  
For you can love and live, but if I love  
(As truly I must do or 'tis but vain  
To wed at all) I slay my former self,  
And all that's left of me is but to deck

Your nature out, to cover up your faults,  
 To keep all petty troubles from your ear,  
 To be a housewife, and to leave to you  
 The working out of God's appointed tasks.  
 Mine are the little struggles, yours the great,  
 And even the smallest have their own rewards,  
 With which I must content me.—Love has torn  
 The very ground away on which I stood,  
 And what was once my life has fallen down.  
 Soon I must build it up again with you  
 The corner-stone, but now I cannot see  
 To judge aright for that same little lamp  
 Of which I spoke has dazzled my dull eyes  
 And clothed the world in a soft, golden, haze.  
 I go the way before me; if I sin  
 I pray that God sees fit to pardon me.

There, love, I've sung the dirge of my old self;  
 To-morrow is my second natal-day,  
 And then for all to-morrows I am yours.

HAROLD VERSCHOYLE WRONG  
 (1891-1916).

### The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet

IT is an interesting and provocative coincidence that has just brought together on my desk (1) a book by F. C. Prescott, Professor of English, Cornell University, entitled *The Poetic Mind*; (2) an article by Richard Aldington in the January *Fortnightly Review* on 'The Art of Poetry'; and (3) the January number of *Science Progress*, containing a *verbatim* report of an address delivered by Alfred Noyes to the Royal Society of Literature on 'Some Characteristics of Modern Literature'. The ensuing reflections are not intended as a review of any of these pronouncements; but how can one resist such a bombardment as this: (1) a statement (with due reference to Freud) on the jacket of *The Poetic Mind* that, the poet is essentially a mental kinsman of the dreamer and the madman;

(2) the assertion of Mr. Aldington that,

five centuries of intense production have somewhat exhausted the possibilities of our prosody... We must get back to the essential qualities of poetry... *Vers libres* may be a move in the right direction... It forces the writer to concentrate on meaning; it compels, or rather incites towards, concision, exactness, sincerity. It has the admirable result of reducing output. It forces a man to create his own rhythms instead of imitating other people's;

(3) the following Jeremiad from the ireful pen of Mr. Noyes:

In poetry, your revolutionist... says, simply, you should abandon metrical form altogether... His own contribution is what he calls 'free verse', and as a brilliant writer said recently, 'you might as well call sleeping in a ditch "free architecture"'. The writers of free verse (adds Mr. Noyes, quoting 'J.B.M.') 'say for the most part nothing and say it repeatedly. They eat their way into the periodicals like strange insects.'

Now, when you are hit amidships by such a cross-fire as this, you must either sink into a madness, in comparison with which the hallucinations of the poet look like plain horse-sense, or you must fire a volley of your own.

It may be, indeed that we—Mr. Prescott and Mr. Aldington and Mr. Noyes and the poets, free and metrical, and the readers thereof—are all mad together, in which case it doesn't matter anyway. The only really sane people left in the world are probably the scientists, who devote themselves to much more useful—and therefore much more important—matters. When I turn the pages of *Science Progress*, and find that 'Dr. Orton has been working on the sex-life of the common oyster. He has been able to show that in a very short time the male oyster may change to a female'; and that 'Stephen R. Williams of the Department of Zoology, Miami University, gives some interesting details of the unhindered growth of the incisor teeth of the wood-chuck', I wonder how anything so trivial as Mr. Noyes's expatiation on modern poetry ever found its way into the pages of that august journal; but if there is any sanity left under the hats of mere literary folk, it does seem that now, when, like Milton's Damned, we

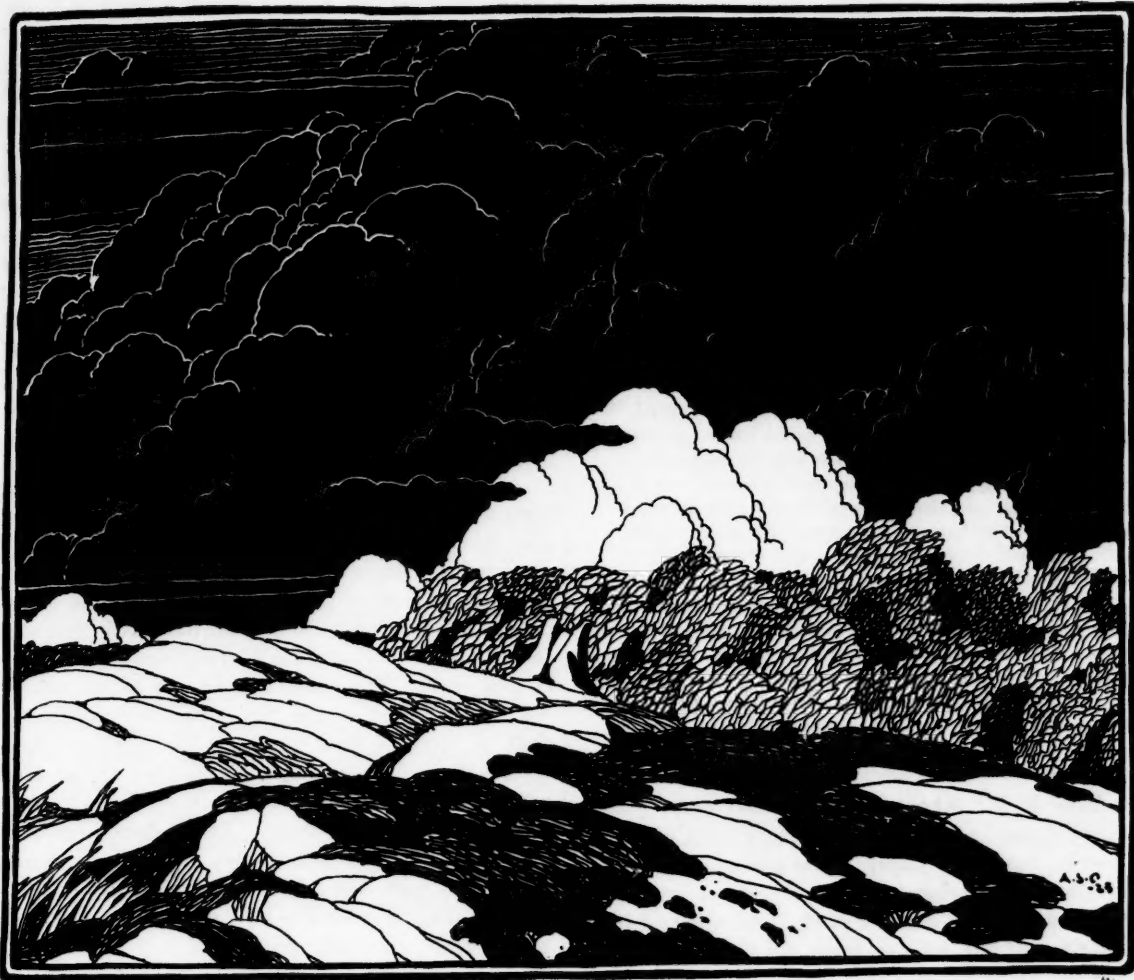
feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes,

were the time to exercise it.

My point is, at any rate, that in spite of Mr. Prescott's madmen and Mr. Aldington's extravagance on the one hand, and Mr. Noyes's extravagance on the other, and the idiotic antics that do actually masquerade in the magazines as verse, I cling to the idea that the poets—the real poets, I mean—are a good deal less mad than most of the rest of us. Inspiration? Yes, if that means those moments when the poet (drunk or sober—but with his reason submerged by his imagination) can look higher and further and see clearer and straighter than he can in his ordinary moments or than the rest of us can in any moments.

But I am tired of being told that 'great wits are sure to madness near allied' (Dryden by the way was talking about a brilliant but neurotic politician, not a poet); I am tired of hearing about Aristotle's *ἐκαταφυγῆς* (the higher poetry soars, the less there is of the Delphic oracle about it and the more it reflects the fact that the poet is thinking rationally and unambiguously as well as vividly); and I am bored *ad nauseam* with hearing about the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling. In other words it seems to me a pity that Shakespeare, whom we continue to read not only because he thinks more beautifully but also because he thinks more clearly about life than most of us ever can, should even in a playful moment have helped to give currency to the idea that a poet is half a madman and half a fool.





SUN AND STORM CLOUDS  
DECORATIVE  
PEN DRAWING  
BY  
A. J. CASSON, O.S.A.

Not, of course, that he meant it that way. Far be it from me to disparage that most fit description of the poet's power to give to things invisible to the common eye and intangible to the common touch

A local habitation and a name.

But it is the company the poet keeps that I object to—the lunatic—

Mad call I it; for to define true madness  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad;

and the lover, who according to the time-sanctioned experience of all mankind, is madder still.

And here comes Professor Prescott telling me that dreams—not those periods of day-time meditation while the reason is awake, which we sometimes call day-dreams, but the actual vapours of the night—that dreams and poetry 'are products of the same imaginative operation'. Milton, who, if anybody, could

Glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
but whose kinship to the lunatic I have not so far been able to discover, knew a thing or two about such dreams:

But know that in the soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our Knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes  
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Perhaps Kubla Khan was made that way, though I have always been profoundly skeptical of Coleridge's assertion that he 'instantly wrote down the lines': but I confess that I have never yet read a poem that impressed me as a genuine work of art without being conscious of the infinite *sharpening* of the faculties that lay behind it—or without being conscious that it *was* a real poem because the imagination, however soaring, was always held in the leash of a daytime Reason. And when Professor Prescott tells me that it is an error to suppose

that poetry is the product of our ordinary thought raised to a higher power, and that therefore the poetic thought may be followed and explained by the ordinary reason, provided the analysis be keen enough,

I simply do not believe him. When Dr. Johnson called a mountain a 'respectable protuberance', I suppose he was on—or below—the plane of 'ordinary reason'. When Lord Dunsany in that most delectable little poem in the February *London Mercury* refers to 'crumpled-rose-leaf mountains', I can make the necessary ascent from the desiccated common sense of the Great Cham to the imaginative insight of the poet because my reason

verifies the analogy from my own experience and my mind glows with the surprising rightness of the word, and of the artistry which has put that word, that image, to such exquisite use in the poem as a whole. But I do not think that in any stage of my appreciation of the poem has my reason gone to sleep. If it had, I should suspect that there was something wrong with the poem.

And that is just where Mr. Aldington and Mr. Noyes and the free verse squabble come in. It is time for a Jeremiad; for now that the yoke is broken and the bands are burst—though Mr. Aldington hath said, I will not transgress—yet upon every high hill and under every green tree are the free verse makers playing the harlot. The lunatic is in the ascendant, and anybody who reads the current magazines—to say nothing of many of the current volumes of verse—is tempted to agree with Professor Prescott. That way madness lies. Reason has retired into her private cell and the free verse maker,

Misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds.

I knew a man once who went mad. He had been meticulously careful in manners and dress. The first symptom of his mental disintegration was a progressive slouchiness. His dress grew unseemly. Then it became disgusting. Then he was incarcerated, and I lost track of him; but I am persuaded that if he is still alive he is a writer—and publisher—of free verse. The whole atmosphere of free verse—its abandonment of the traditional forms, the fact that 'it forces a man to create his own rhythms'—tempts to slouchiness, to the idea that he can blurt out anything, and if he but disarrange it sufficiently, make it pass for free verse. And it does. Scores of examples could be cited. My favourite, this long while, has been one culled some years ago from an English magazine—a most *graphic* 'poem', in which a pair of legs are seen to

Dangle  
Like Marionettes  
Over  
a  
mauve  
Sea.

But Noyes quotes a prime specimen; and as *Science Progress* is likely to be read only by serious persons who are concerned with sex-variations in an oyster and the incisor teeth of a woodchuck, I venture to repeat it here:

I  
Am in the grip  
Of a strange  
Urge.  
O Urge, what do you  
Represent?  
Why are you?  
Why am I?  
God knows!

Well, as the poet says, God knows!

Yes, a Jeremiad is needed. But not Mr. Noyes's kind of Jeremiad. For the whole effect of his Jeremiad is that we are going to the dogs, and that there is absolutely nothing good in free verse. For this fever of denunciation there is an antidote; and the antidote is to be found in the grain of truth that lurks in Mr. Aldington's thesis. Only a grain; for Mr. Aldington is a most extraordinary optimist. If free verse 'has the admirable result of reducing output', I confess that I have seen little evidence of the fact. Again, in nine instances out of ten, it seems to me that instead of inciting 'towards concision, exactness, sincerity', it incites towards sprawl, laxness, and pose. But it is in the tenth instance that one finds the strain of righteousness in this Gomorrah. Here and there (as, indeed, to be fair with him, in some of the instances Mr. Aldington cites; and notably in some of the verses of Miss Amy Lowell) one finds images so real, so much alive that if you cut them they would bleed. Here and there in this free verse one finds the very word—one is startled with that utter rightness of phrase which is one of the most precious prerogatives of poetry.

If only there did not have to be but one half-pennyworth of bread to such an intolerable deal of sack!

But even here one must qualify. For it seems to me that in their search for the image, in their desire that each thing shall be sharply etched, even the best of the free verse poets often neglect what is surely of equal importance in the art of poetry: they neglect to *build*. Most of their work, it seems to me, is like broken glass, sparkling in every facet, but unassimilated to any larger purpose. The architectonic element, which can be found alike in the towering citadel of *Paradise Lost* or in the tiny structure of one of Wordsworth's sonnets, is simply not there.

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

### Love and Mr. Hergesheimer

MANY readers who have first made acquaintance with Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer in *Cytherea* have promptly decided that the acquaintance is a wholly undesirable one. They feel that this modern Joseph would probably have regarded the affair with Potiphar's wife as a possible source of royalties rather than with the righteous indignation which laid his ancient namesake by the heels in Pharaoh's prison. This is to be regretted, for no estimate could be more superficial than one which dismisses Mr. Hergesheimer as a mere purveyor of salacious viands for those whose tastes incline to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

After reading and re-reading the four most important of Mr. Hergesheimer's novels, *The Three Black Pennys*, *Java Head*, *Linda Condon*, and *Cytherea*, to which *The Bright Shawl* might be added as a pendant, one feels that with a very fine sense of form, and a style of remarkable vividness, flexibility, and controlled power, there is a vital quality in his approach to the troubled stream of modern life that gives his work significance.

It is entirely with the question of Mr. Hergesheimer's approach to the life which his art expresses, rather than with his remarkable technique, that this brief essay attempts to deal. Not with any thought of the impertinence of justification, but rather with the desire to understand the nature of his preoccupation.

The nature of this preoccupation appears clearly enough in many characteristic passages. The theme is offered first of all in Howat Penny's experience:

He had come on disaster. The realization flashed through his consciousness and was engulfed in the submerging of his being in the overwhelming stinging flood that had swept him from his old security. Yet he had been so detached from the merging influences about him, his organization had been so complete in its isolation, his egotism so developed, that a last trace of his entity lingered sentient, viewing as if from a careened but still tenable deck the general submergence. His thoughts returned to the automatic operation of the consummation obliterating his person, the inexorable blind movement of the thing in which he had been caught, dragged into the maw of a supreme purpose. It was, of course, the law of mere procreation which he had before contemptuously recognized and dismissed; a law for animals, but he was no longer entirely an animal. Already he had considered the possibility of an additional force in the directing of human passion, founded on something beyond the thirst of flesh, founded perhaps on soaring companionships, on—on— The condition, the term he was searching for, evaded him.

He thought of the word love; and he was struck by the vast inaccuracy of that large phrase. It meant, Howat told himself, literally nothing; what complex feeling Isabel Penny might have for her husband, Caroline's frank desire for David Forsythe, Myrtle's meagre emotion, Fanny Gilkan's sense of Hesa and life's necessary compromises, his own collapse—all were alike called love. It was not only a useless word but a dangerous falsity. It had, without question, cloaked immense harm, pretence; it had perpetuated old lies, brought them plausibly, as if in a distinguished and reputable company, out of past superstitions and credulity; the real and the meaningless, the good and the evil, hopelessly confused.

This is the theme, recurring like a Wagnerian motif, through the various books. Howat Penny and Ludowika, Jasper Penny and Susan Brundon, Mariana Penny and Jim Polder; Gerrit Ammidon, Taou Yuen, and Nettie Vollar; Linda Condon, Arnand Hallet, and Dodge Pleydon the sculptor; Lee Brandon, his wife Fanny, and Savina Grove, the succession of relations, strained, tortured, ecstatic, questioning, they represent the movement of the inner dialectic.



In *The Three Black Pennys*, by the device of carrying the same theme through the history of three generations of a family with strongly marked characteristics, Mr. Hergesheimer succeeds in conveying this sense of the inner drama of the entanglement of flesh and spirit; the 'something beyond the thirst of flesh', caught in the meshes of the law of procreation, striving to free itself and to express itself in beauty and harmony of life, but continually thwarted by the conventional channels in which social necessity had confined it.

In *Java Head* the touchstone of the insincerity of western conventions relating to love and marriage is furnished by the vivid and startling figure of Taou Yuen, the high-born Manchu lady whom Gerrit Amm'don brings home to Salem as his wife. In perfection of form and finish Mr. Hergesheimer has done nothing better as yet than *Java Head*. In Linda Condon he continues the 'obstinate questionings' of life. Heredity together with revulsion from early environment produce in Linda an acute and passionate sense of beauty with little or no sexual desire. She discovers that physical contact with Pleydon, the sculptor, whom she loves, destroys something essential in their relation, hence she refuses to give herself to him and marries Arnand Hallet. Later Pleydon speaks to her of the experience and its subsequent effect on him:

You will never know what love is unless I can manage somehow to make you understand how much I love you. Hallet will have to endure your hearing it. This doesn't belong to him; it has not touched the earth. Every one, more or less, talks about love; but not one in a thousand, not one in a million, has such an experience. If they did it would tear the world into shreds. It would tear them as it has me. I realize the other, the common thing—who who experimented more!

The whole passage is too long to quote, but it develops in a remarkable way the idea of the disentanglement of the 'something beyond the thirst of the flesh' from the bonds of the flesh. In the end Linda discovers that although she has never given to Pleydon what she desired to give, and is faced by the disquieting fact of the decay of her material beauty, yet he has possessed her wholly and has given her spirit expression in his art beyond the reach of time and decay.

In *Cytherea*, a book which has repelled many readers, Mr. Hergesheimer deals with the most perplexing aspect of his theme. It is really a portrayal of the nemesis of the social order. The point of view is summed up at the end by Lee Brandon:

'I had made the mistake of thinking that I, as an individual, had any importance . . . I pictured myself as an object of tender universal consideration. It was a principle all the while', he cried; 'a principle that would fill the sky, as vast as space; and ignorant, careless, of me, it was moving to its own end. And that—do you see, Daniel?—had grown destructive. It had begun differently, naturally, in the healthy fertility of animals and simple

lives; but the conceit of men, men like me, had opposed and antagonized it. Magnifying our sensibilities, we had come to demand the dignity of separate immortalities. Separate worms! We thought that the vitality in us was for the warming of our own hearts and the seduction of our nerves. And so I left the safety of a species, of Fanny and children, for the barrenness of Cytherea.'

The point upon which the book turns is that the vital principle, the desire of life to persist, confined in the channels of social convention, was becoming destructive. Dammed up it had developed a tendency to break through where weak points in the social structure occurred, either through the general weakening caused by the war, or through the special weakness in individuals caused by what the Freudian would term unsublimated complexes.

At such points, to vary the figure, of faulty insulation, the lightning-like discharge might shatter all the carefully built-up fabric of human relations constituting the family. The tragedy of the book, however, lies not so much in the shattering effects of the lightning stroke as in Lee Brandon's discovery that when all is over, and Savina Grove is dead, he has nothing left. Cytherea is as indifferent to his individual desires and experience as the president of the Immortals to the sufferings of Tess.

In Mr. Hergesheimer's description of the disintegrating effects of the war upon social morality, of the gathering might of Cytherea in the experience of Lee Brandon and Savina Grove, of the details of their passion and its consummation, while there is stark realism, there is no morbidity, no gloating over the details of sexual passion by way of carnal satisfaction. The details are not pleasant, they suggest too strongly the powder mine beneath, but Mr. Hergesheimer is occupied, perhaps preoccupied, with that inner dialectic of his, with his questioning of life. Not salacity but philosophy moves his art.

Nor is *Cytherea* the end. *The Bright Shawl* deals with the conflict in Charles Abbott's mind between an abstract love, the love for Cuban liberty, and his love for an individual, his friend Andrés. The human love destroys the abstract passion and shatters the plans which he had long and slowly forged for the liberation of the unfortunate island.

I think Mr. Hergesheimer will continue his quest. Meanwhile one hopes that his art will not suffer, as Mr. Galsworthy's art has in some measure, by the domination of the dialectic.

S. H. HOOKE.



## The Bookshelf

### The Scourge of Princes

Pietro Aretino, *The Scourge of Princes*, by Edward Hutton (Constable; 12/-).

All who have written on Pietro Aretino until the last few years have asserted that he was a bastard; that his father was Luigi Bacci. . . . Well, it was a century of bastards, but Aretino was not one of them. How did this legend, for legend it is, arise?<sup>1</sup>

These words seem, at first sight, to be announcing recent discoveries, but the author acknowledges honestly his indebtedness to Alessandro Luzio, and particularly mentions the latter's investigations published in 1884 regarding the family of the Aretino: 'the last few years' are the last thirty-eight years. Mr. Hutton does not pretend to be telling us any new facts about Pietro Aretino, but he has read the works of the latter and most of the published investigation on the subject, and he here presents us with an interesting account and his own views of the life, character, works, and times of the famous Italian.

The character of Pietro Aretino is intelligently judged. His importance as the first great 'journalist', as a rebel against the traditional pedantry of literature; his courageous championship of what he called 'virtue', i.e., ability, against the power of wealth and rank; his boastful effrontery and his genuine talent; his ruthless blackmailing and his generosity; his libertinage and his love; his flattery and calumny, frankness and mendacity, blasphemy and religiosity, are clearly illustrated, and his qualities and vices are properly represented as reflecting the conflicting tendencies of the period in which he lived. Pietro lived what he called 'a resolute life', and strove successfully to satisfy all his instinctive desires, the cravings of that individuality which the Renaissance had taught the world to respect.

As for the works, the *Ragionamenti* are inadequately treated. Five pages are devoted to describing them, and there is a long extract which, especially in its English dress, is a poor sample of the whole. Mr. Hutton has felt the power of this work; he is amazed at it; but we get from him no idea of its extraordinary aesthetic success. The expression 'wholly without atmosphere' (p. 254) is astonishing, for these dialogues are clothed with the atmosphere of the Roman underworld of the time, a nauseating atmosphere to breathe, for many, but almost tangible. The *Ragionamenti* are the work of a great writer who, for the time being, has forgotten about money and applause.

Nor does Mr. Hutton give us a clear idea of the sixteenth-century background. It is all confused, and he mistakes confusion for its chief characteristic. He has not grasped the meaning of the conflicting forces

at work, or the relation of this period to other periods. It is too ingenuous to say: 'Something evil and corrupt had entered into the civilization of all Europe at this time, and not least of Italy. The Middle Age which had held out to humanity so great a promise, had in some inexplicable way and for some inexplicable reason failed, . . .' (p. xi). The evil had not entered 'at this time', it had been there for centuries; the failure he speaks of is not 'inexplicable', but to explain it would have needed the kind of patient study that would have made this essay excellent instead of mediocre.

The chief defect of the book is a good-humoured negligence which avoids grappling with difficulties. It produces the inadequacies just mentioned, and results besides in useless repetitions, irrelevant remarks, a few inaccuracies, and a slipshod style which makes one feel that the author has not troubled to read again what he has once written. For an example of repetitions compare p. 166 with p. 183; irrelevant are the remarks about the characteristic meanness of the French (p. 172), and the resemblance between Colonel Repington and Pietro Aretino (pp. 167-168). The following sentence is one example of the careless style: 'For Aretino himself confesses that he could not read Latin, and though this had little to do with such works as his, for this he was probably dependent on Franco' (p. 187). Another example is the sentence, with quotations (p. 222), which is ended without having been begun.

On p. 13 the verses published in 1512 are mentioned, but on p. 241 the *sonetti lussuriosi* are called the 'earliest' of Pietro's works. On pp. 59-60 it is said, 'By August 1524, he is so securely established [at the court of Clement vii] that he writes to ask the Marquis of Mantua to come to Rome'; on p. 68, 'By August 1524 he had left Rome'—a contradiction which cannot be explained as a typographical error. The quotations are not always reproduced correctly—misprints are fairly frequent—but on p. 110 the error *affaticate*, for *affaticate*, is reproduced accurately from the edition of 1609. On pp. 265-7, references to Pietro by Gabriel Harvey are given. Harvey thought that *L'Unico Aretino* and Pietro were the same person, as is evident from his mention of 'Castilio's Courtier' (*The Works of Gabriel Harvey*, ed. Grosart, 1884, vol. ii, p. 271) and Mr. Hutton seems to share the illusion. It is probable that the verses beginning '*L'Altro Aretino el qual sol si cognomina*', which are offered (p. 25) as evidence that Pietro had 'passed to the court of Leo X' with an 'established reputation', refer to Bernardo Accolti.

On p. 245, after a comparison between the plays of Pietro Aretino and those of William Shakespeare, to the disadvantage of the former, Mr. Hutton says: 'His work suffers with even the best Italian work of all ages in this, that it cannot build with character or create living human beings who live in and by

<sup>1</sup>Page 4.

themselves and endure for ever'. One would have thought that Farinata, Calandrino, Mirandolina, Perpetua, Mastro Don Gesualdo, Demetrio Pianelli, were such creatures. The creation of living and enduring human beings is not frequent in any literature. Why does Mr. Hutton think it 'amusing to compare the *Marescalco* with *Twelfth Night*'?

J. E. SHAW.

### The Poetic Temperament

*Tennyson, Aspects of his Life, Character, and Poetry*, by Harold Nicholson (Constable; pp. ix+308; 12/6).

It would appear that we are at last sufficiently remote from the Victorian age to see two sides to it again. The first clear indication of this was found in Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Mr. Nicholson's book synchronises very closely with it; it has much of Mr. Strachey's urbane reverence and discreet irony. Such a sentence as the following from p. 16 is for chronological purposes almost as accurate as a date on the title-page:

The death of Hallam, the ten years of sorrow and loneliness which followed, constituted the great opportunity, and he produced *The Two Voices* and *In Memoriam*; and in the end the 'mission' conquered, and after the last defiant flash of *Maud* he settled down to the routine of marriage and Farringford, and the soft sweet smell of the laburnum, and success.

This is no condemnation of the author. Mr. Strachey's *Victoria* is probably the most readable book on the subject that we possess and much the same can be said for Mr. Nicholson. The charm of the book does not lie in any new examination of the poet's writings as a whole, but in the study of the man himself, the Tennyson of clay pipes and unlimited port wine, the slouching, loosely clad, unkempt gipsy, the faintly macabre and strongly hypochondriac pedestrian and recluse. This is the Tennyson that Edward Fitzgerald knew and loved and whom we had well-nigh forgotten under the laurels and regalia which he so rapidly learned to wear. But Mr. Nicholson sees in him something which probably escaped Fitzgerald.

For the secret of Tennyson is to be sought not in the apparent harmony between his work and character, but in the essential conflict between the two: in the conflict, that is, between the remarkable depth and originality of his poetic temperament and the shallowness and timidity of his practical intelligence.

Temperamentally Tennyson possessed all the qualities which should have rendered him one of the greatest and most original of our lyric poets. With the strong, full blood of his yeoman forebears mingled the black and bitter strain of some obscurer ancestry; through the arteries of an athlete fluttered the frightened, sensitive pulses of a mystic; and under the scent and music of delicate and tender things pierced the coarse salt savour of the wold and marsh.

Tennyson, we read, far from being born at the right time, suffered from 'the sheer misfortune of

having been born at exactly the wrong moment', having begun to write when the reaction against the 'magnificent, muscular poetry of the Byronic period' was at its strongest. The result was that a poet of essentially lyrical, subjective, emotional genius was propelled almost at once into conventional and ethical channels and safely launched on the highroad to Camelot. What Tennyson might have become, had he been born a little earlier or a little later, Mr. Nicholson can only indicate. He considers that 'the essential inspiration of Tennyson was the inspiration of fear',

that Tennyson was lonely, morbid, and above all afraid: he was afraid of life; he was afraid of death; predominantly and persistently he was afraid of the life after death. Nor was this any intellectual process of the mind which can be analysed or explained. Its roots, obscure and terrible, thrust down into the depths of Tennyson's nature, and fed on the black blood that flowed obscurely in his veins. And on all such subjects he was, and remained, completely neurasthenic.

Thus it was that the Tennyson, the official bard, who was able to adjust himself perfectly to the Victorian view of love and politics could not wholly adjust himself in the matter of religion. Mr. Nicholson does not pursue his theory to the end, nor does he convince us that the theory is tenable, save as a plausible and fascinating side-light on the man. We cannot regard it as a key to his soul; his surrender was too easy and complete for that. Fortunately the appeal of Mr. Nicholson's volume does not depend on his theory; the book is full of incidental good things: the picture of Somersby, the subtle analysis of the music of the ode to Catullus, the penetrating comparison of our notion of 'an emotional reality' with that of the Victorians, the whetted curiosity to get at the interdicted MS. of *In Memoriam*, etc., etc.

Indeed the charm and vivacity of the book are so engaging, and the appeal of the shaggy, somnolent, half-domesticated poet so attractive that we are driven back again to the *Poetical Works* with a strange and unexpected eagerness. But alas! only to be disappointed. The smooth platitudes seem by contrast smoother than ever; the gipsy of Mr. Nicholson's study vanishes, and the pilot confronts us face to face. The critic has written an exceedingly interesting book on the poet, which, oddly enough, makes the poet less readable than he was before. But, as nobody reads Tennyson now, that is no reason why Mr. Nicholson should not have his day.

*Things Near and Far*, by Arthur Machen (Macmillan; pp. 250; \$2.00).

Those who have read some of the recently published or re-published works of Arthur Machen will be interested in this brief autobiography. It will explain to them how the author came to write such strange stories as 'The Great God Pan' and 'The White People': for he was at one time engaged in





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writing descriptive notes for a bookseller's catalogue in London, and most of the volumes dealt with some phase of occultism or magic: and early in the pages of this autobiography he expresses his doubts and perplexities about the truth or falsity of certain supernatural phenomena. Some of the peculiar and inexplicable experiences of the author are detailed towards the end of the book, and one's mind goes back to 'The House of Souls'. But the main theme of *Things Near and Far* is the troubles and disappointments of a literary man, to whom recognition has come too late to dispel the bitterness of failure. From the autobiographical point of view no more instructive contrast could be made than between *Things Near and Far* and Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago*. The serene philosophy of the latter is so far removed from the querulousness of the former. Machen's volume has been received with extravagant praise by certain critics, and described as one of the most pathetic autobiographies ever penned: but in spite of the interest of the book one cannot help feeling that it would be easier to pity the author if he were not quite so ready to pity himself, if he were not quite so certain that he was always right and the reviewers always wrong.

#### Land and Weather

*The Pioneers of Old Ontario*, by W. L. Smith (Morang; pp. 343; \$3.50).

The picturesque life of the habitant has found a permanent place in literature; the wild freedom of the Canadian West has not failed of celebration; to the pioneers of old Ontario, however, history and romance have not yet given a full measure of praise. In this attractively printed volume, rich in illustrations, Mr. Smith has rescued from oblivion the heroic struggles of some at least of the tens of thousands of pioneers who hewed farms from the forests of Upper Canada. The book is really a series of stories gathered by the author from the lips of older men and in some cases from diaries and other documents. These are somewhat loosely woven, but together they give a remarkably clear and comprehensive picture of the manner in which Ontario was made.

The pages are rich in amusing incidents, and touched at times with pathos. The life of our ancestors was severe enough, but it was relieved by the variety of the modes in which nature showed her hostility and by the lively social sense of the settlers with their logging and building bees, their camp meetings, and all-night dances.

To attempt to select the best of the stories would be a difficult task. One of the most interesting, at least, is that related by Colin McFadyen. He tells of the trek of his family, with two other families, from Carolina to Hogg's Hollow, now York Mills. The journey took seven weeks. As a boy of nine years he

accomplished it all on foot. He tells how they saved bridge toll by sending the wagons over the bridges while the men and women crossed on the backs of horses as these swam the streams. And in the midst of hunting adventures appears a vivid account in grim detail of a successful bit of surgery performed with a sharpened jack-knife, a chisel, and a mallet. The versatility of the Athens of Pericles pales before that of Ontario in the days of the elder McFadyens.

The illustrations, seventy-two in all, if in some cases somewhat rough, serve to make the incidents and customs described live for the reader. All are original drawings, and appropriately enough they are the work of a man who lives in what is still, to a degree, frontier country. The artist is Mr. M. McGillivray, a merchant of Manitoulin Island.

The book has something of the flavour of Herodotus. It will interest every student of history. It should be in all the public and school libraries of Canada. Patriotism for us will be little more than a name unless it has its roots in a knowledge of the achievements of those who have made this country what it is. Mr. Morang has done a great service in giving us the opportunity of knowing something of the hitherto 'unknown makers of Canada'. And no one could have done the work better than Mr. Smith. A veteran newspaper man, he has always had the spirit of a pioneer, and he knows and respects the 'rural mind'.

*Over Prairie Trails*, by Frederick Philip Grove (McClelland & Stewart; pp. 231; \$2.00).

Over prairie trails in a buggy or cutter seems to an Easterner to promise a minimum of interest. But in the seven drives selected to make up this book the writer has given a fascinating narrative of adventures without any of the popular sensational machinery of thrills. A teacher in a Manitoba school; homing instincts strong enough to take him every week-end to his wife and child, thirty odd miles away; a team of horses; trails and landmarks; these are the constants: the skies and weathers of a Canadian fall and winter; a moody man's moods; these are the variables. There is incident, but, thank Heaven, no plot. I do not know of a more vivid or authentic description of inland Canadian weather. There is combined the naturalist's scientific accuracy and attention to detail with the poet's interpretative affection. The chapter on 'Snow', with its remarkable study of snow shapes and flake movement is a good illustration of the writer as naturalist, and the almost mythic quality of 'Fog' is one of many evidences of the poet. (As an old teamster, may I add my opinion to the stableman's that the climbing of the giant drift with a team and cutter was a fool thing to do? But the Mr. Grove of the book is a queer man, and a stubborn, whose opinion of us is not very high.) Although there are a few rhetorical paragraphs which seem to

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strain somewhat for effect, and two or three expressions which strike one as a bit careless, the book is one of the rare prose works written in Canada which do not need the indulgence of the special domestic Canadian standard of style.

*Nature in American Literature*, by Norman Foerster (Macmillan; pp. 324; \$1.90).

This volume does not contain a unified statement of its theme, but is a series of essays—many of which have already appeared in various magazines—on nine writers: Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, Muir, and Burroughs. While it is, no doubt, from the point of view of their interest in external nature that these men are selected and discussed, Mr. Foerster does not limit himself to this, and, indeed, the chapters are more interesting as they are more discursive. What bears especially on his theme—the paragraphs which tell, for example, exactly what trees or birds are mentioned by each writer, and how many times—sets one wondering what purpose such laborious compilation serves. We have exemplified the unfortunate influence of the prestige of natural science and the reverence for hard facts upon the study of literature in this continent which have produced so many uninteresting and unilluminating books and articles in the American academic world. Mr. Foerster's volume is not, however, in general open to such objections. If there is no great grasp or freshness in his treatment, the reader who is interested in the individual writers will find a readable and well-informed discussion of the men themselves and their work.

### Fiction

*The Story of John Paul*, by V. R. Emanuel (Constable; pp. 348; 7/6).

This is the first of a series of volumes dealing with the life of John Paul Caplin. It takes him up to the age of 17, through his life in English preparatory and public schools. John Paul is a Jewish boy of exceptional character, and Mr. Emanuel uses the boy's peculiar sensitiveness in order to emphasize the homelessness of the Jew in modern England. The author is a Jew himself, so presumably the book gives a fair picture of Jewish life, and a fair analysis from the inside of Jewish psychology. According to Mr. Emanuel the key to the understanding of the Jews is the racial and spiritual repression which puts them under a constant emotional strain. This leads to a perverse hatred of themselves and one another, and to a strange tendency to insincerity and buffoonery. Like children who are not approved of, they defend themselves by playing the fool, and by obscuring the very qualities which might win understanding and affection. So, ill-at-ease and for ever unfree, they fall to endless emulations and bickerings.

This is the atmosphere of John Paul's home from which he escapes to Ryefield House and Deanwood. But, being a Jew, he has never lived in a world to which he could naturally belong, and school-life is never congenial. He is different from others, and is not aware that much of this difference is due to spiritual superiority.

The book is throughout a convincing study, not only of the life of Jews in London, but also of English public school life. It is moderate in tone and quite free from prejudice or unfair emphasis, but Mr. Emanuel's quiet indictment of public school standards is more telling than any diatribe. John Paul is sent away from Deanwood and we are well aware that the only reason is that he is too much of an individual, too much alive within himself, to be a success. Perhaps the whole series of books will deal more fully with this theme, which in this first volume is suggested in many aspects; the Jew's thwarted spiritual nature, his defensive turning to the worship of material success, the impossibility of social at-home-ness in the world, his hyper-sensitiveness to the social standing of his fellow Jews.

However that may be, the succeeding volumes will be awaited with interest.

*Possession*, by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan; pp. 289; \$2.00).

No one who is interested in Canadian fiction should miss this book. It is the first novel I have seen by a Canadian and about Canada which is a serious attempt to depict human nature faithfully with no ulterior motive. Miss de la Roche neither 'boosts' nor points comparisons: she simply takes Canada for granted; and as a result we have Canadian setting and traditions in their proper perspective, and Canadian characters which while incidentally Canadian are fundamentally of the common stock of humanity.

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and it is, ironically, qualities in themselves lovable which expose the hero to the full results and make him temperamentally unable to 'cut his losses'.

But the chief point is that Miss de la Roche is able to interest you exceedingly in the events she relates and at the same time to convince you that, given the characters of the people, the development was inevitable. Throughout she is scrupulously moderate, and she closes on a characteristic note of compromise, leaving her hero evidently committed to a handicapped future, but not to an unrelievedly black one.

Miss de la Roche is, so far as I know, the first Canadian novelist to see life steadily and see it whole. She is worth reading for her intrinsic merits, quite apart from the fact that she represents the high water mark of Canadian fiction and indicates a line of fruitful development.

*The Speckled Bird*, by Robert Cutler (Macmillan; pp. 422; \$2.00).

This is a well written and sufficiently interesting book in which the actual theme of the heroine's history serves chiefly as a unifying thread around which many very varying types are introduced and numerous different aspects of life shown. Mr. Cutler's chief skill lies in the objective presentation of human types and their settings and his figures are extremely diverse and equally real in all cases. But his art is photographic and accurate rather than imaginative or interpretative, and the general impression at the end of his book is that you have made a number of casual acquaintances of contrasting types and seen many variegated scenes. You have been made a present of some pseudo-memories and observations, but you have not notably added to or intensified your experience.

Mr. Cutler is so successful in achieving what he aims at—so completely adequate and so unusually efficient—that the only wonder is that he has not written a striking, instead of merely an eminently 'readable' book.

*Desolate Splendour*, by Michael Sadleir (Macmillan; pp. 320; \$2.00).

This is nothing but a 'penny dreadful' written in the style of an academic thesis and published as a six shilling novel. And while in a 'penny dreadful' you get your cheap shocks and thrills cheap, here you get them expensive, not only in the price of the book but in the time necessitated by the difficulty of the style. Mr. Sadleir's crude and garish shocker is slowly distilled to us through the impediment of an intricate, involved, and artificial style: long sentences are built up of verbal antithesis and laborious balancings of phrases; the order is frequently unnatural and the verbs lurk in the unlikely spots. It is difficult reading and the matter is emphatically not worth the effort.

As stated in the dedication, the story deals with 'flamboyant hedonism', 'perverted cruelty', and 'lust for property'. The two last are certainly presented in gigantic proportions, but as, unfortunately, the author's sole substitute for psychological analysis is grotesque magnification, we do not gain much insight into his subject. The plot concerns the sinister intrigues of a mother and a younger brother to secure the family estate for the latter's children by preventing the elder brother and owner from marrying. As the intrigues fail, and the sacred laws of inheritance are vindicated, I suppose *Desolate Splendour* will not be labelled 'immoral', but, however blameless it be by rigid social standards, by the more elastic and subtle standards of aestheticism it is unnecessarily disgusting in atmosphere and detail.

#### Books Received

- Wheat Costings, 1914 and 1919-1922*, by Herbert Grange (P. S. King; 1/6).  
*Ships of the Royal Navy*, by Oscar Parkes (Sampson Low; 6/-).  
*Joseph Hergesheimer, the man and his books*, by Llewellyn Jones (Macmillan; 10c).  
*Florence Nightingale, a drama*, by Edith Gittings Reid (Macmillan; \$1.40).  
*A Florentine Revery*, by H. H. Powers (Macmillan; \$1.10).  
*The Religion of the Primitives*, by Alexander Le Roy, translated by Newton Thompson (Macmillan; \$2.75).  
*Contingent Ditties*, by Frank S. Brown (Sampson Low).  
*Ponjola*, by Cynthia Stockley (Constable; 7/6).  
*Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada*.  
*Different Gods*, by Violet Quirk (Constable; 7/6).



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## Trade and Industry

	Feb., 1923	Mar., 1923	Apr., 1923	May, 1923	May, 1922
Wholesale Prices <sup>1</sup> ..... (Michell)	171.9	176.3	179.2	176.2	158.5
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$21.23	\$21.39	.....	.....	\$20.53
Volume of Employment <sup>2</sup> ..... (Dominion Statistician)	89.5	89.9	87.6	.....	89.2
Twelve Canadian Securities <sup>3</sup> ..... (Michell)	119.2	121.7	122.2	124.5	112.3

<sup>1</sup>Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

<sup>2</sup>Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

<sup>3</sup>The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

TWO leading bankers, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor and Sir John Aird, have recently been 'at outs' on the question of what constitutes *fiat money*. Sir Frederick says that we are handling fiat money here and now. Sir John says there is no such thing in Canada. Not often is the burden of 'Trade and Industry' lightened by the fortuitous development of such a problem; in this case the theme of April's argument has been well exemplified. It is no use discussing inflation, as a practical influence on business conditions, if the word means one thing to one man and another thing to his neighbour. In this case there is some justification for believing that the knights of the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce are at odds, not on a question of fact, but on a question of definition; and it is worth our while to try to formulate, for practical purposes of our own, a clear conception of the thing.

To Canadians the word inflation is hopelessly tangled with the devices for abandoning the gold standard. Since August, 1914, it has been impossible for the ordinary Canadian resident in Canada lawfully to come into possession of gold coin, except by special dispensation of the powers that be. He has, therefore, as a rule been unable to pay his debts abroad in the only form of payment which is universally welcomed. Even if he had possessed the privilege he would probably not have exercised it: but having lost it he has seen a premium on gold established, and at one time his paper dollar was depreciated by no less than nineteen per cent. It is still depreciated slightly.

If we regard inflation as an increase in the volume of money in circulation over and above the quantity which would have been allowed to circulate under the automatic regulation of the gold standard, then there is no doubt that the Canadian currency is still inflated, and that we are still living under the regime of fiat money. Measuring the degree of inflation by the premium, now small, on gold, we may plead the extenuating circumstance that it is a very small inflation. Even so did the young woman in *Midshipman Easy* plead that she had only had a very small baby. But the fact is beyond dispute.

Here is a clear conception to which the Canadian student of finance may well hold. But in the United States, at any rate among financial writers, it is customary to use the word inflation in a different sense. And since we are in the habit of importing our ideas as well as our fashions and our slang—and our conservatism—from the United States, it is not unnatural if many Canadian writers, without making it clear that they are doing so, ring the changes on the word inflation, using it sometimes in what I have called the Canadian, and sometimes in the American sense.

This is not good logic, and presumably, therefore, not good finance either. In a phrase as damning as anything in current use, *it is not practical*. But it is very human.

Except for a very short period after the war began, the Americans have clung to the gold standard. After the war, while Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Italy were revelling in the fictitious prosperity created with fiat money, and Germany, Austria, and Russia were embracing the fiction no less ardently without even a semblance of prosperity to show for it, business in the United States was still conducted on the gold basis. What, then, does the word inflation mean, as used by an intelligent American with regard to the finances of his own country?

It is not uncommon to find that in the United States the word is used to mean a condition in which, *without the formal abandonment of the gold standard*, an upward swing of prices has done all in its power to call forth untapped sources of energy with a view to greater production; and having (to all appearances, at least) produced a maximum of production for the time being, continues its upward course unchecked. Such a condition still represents ultimate monetary solvency, since the dollar can still be redeemed in gold; but it establishes a relationship between costs and prices, between expenditures and income, in which income must be the loser in the long run. It is therefore the reverse of healthy, and leads at last to liquidation.

Paradoxically, there is inflation in Canada, if we use the word in the former sense, but not if we use it in the latter; in the United States it is possible that exactly the reverse is true. And that is why close students of American financial conditions are asking themselves at present, 'Is this the beginning of another spasm of inflation?' It is a question of some importance for Canadian industry.

G. E. JACKSON.

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